HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION!"—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 282.]

A GREAT HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

The opening chapters of "PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC," *by the most popular American magazine writer, will begin in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for April. The author's name is not disclosed. For the present, at least, he is disguised as* "the Sieur LOUIS DE CONTE," *Joan's* "Page and Secretary"—*her playmate in childhood, as well as her attendant at the head of the victorious armies of France. Material for the illustrations has been gathered by* Mr. F. V. DU MOND *amid the scenes associated with Joan's career. Her recent elevation by the French people as the embodiment of Patriotism, and her proposed canonization, give especial timeliness and interest to this story of the Warrior-Maid of Domremy. In the literature of the year there will be nothing more noteworthy.*

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THE MONEY QUESTION AS A POLITICAL ISSUE.

IF the question whether the basis of the monetary system of this great republic shall be the commercial money of the world or a metal debased and largely fluctuating in value, were put before the American people for decision solely upon its own merits, there is hardly any doubt that the people would decide in favor of that which is most honorable to the country and best in accord with its position among the great nations. Although there are always wrong-headed financial schemers preaching fantastic doctrines, and also a good many people who jump at any device promising them a chance to get rid of their debts without paying them, yet the great mass of the American people are never appealed to in vain on a clear issue in the name of honesty and common-sense without giving a satisfactory response. So it was when, twenty years ago, they had to decide between the resumption of specie payments on the one hand and an irredeemable government paper currency on the other; and so it would be again if the direct issue between free silver coinage and sound money, or, in other words, between the silver standard and the gold standard, could be submitted to their votes without the intervention of political party considerations. How can the presentation of this issue on its own merits, undarkened by other interests, be brought about?

The formation of a distinct silver party, which is now being attempted by the extreme free-coinage men, is generally regarded as an event favorable to such a consummation. But we must confess that, while we wish it to be so, we see no assurance of it. We see, on the contrary, in the formation of the silver party a new possibility of danger, unless, on the other side, proper steps are taken to turn it to advantage. The real trouble has never been that the silver movement was numerically strong enough throughout the country to outvote the friends of sound money on a straight issue. The real trouble has been that the silver movement was strong enough to frighten the cowards and the political speculators in both political parties sufficiently to induce them to make one concession after another to the silver shouters for the purpose of conciliating them, and of thus securing the votes of certain States in Presidential elections. This is the whole secret of the silver legislation which from time to time got through Congress by way of compromise. And every such compromise strengthened what there was of the silver movement, and made its leaders more exacting.

The mere appearance of a separate silver party in the political arena will not diminish this trouble; it may even increase it. The managing politicians of the Democratic and the Republican parties may consider it good politics to seek to draw away votes from the ranks of the silver men by renewed or even enlarged concessions, and the consequence might be that by the time of the next Presidential election the friends of sound money would have no party and no candidate in the field they could safely depend upon. The recent backsliding of Mr. THOMAS B. REED, who until then had been believed to be a trustworthy champion of the sound-money cause, is an alarming symptom of this tendency on the Republican side. Resolutions adopted by Republican conventions in the Western States point the same way. It is also a significant fact that while former Republicans of the stamp of Senator STEWART and Democrats like Mr. BLAND have shown themselves ready to cut loose from the political parties to which they hitherto belonged, other extreme silver men, like Senators TELLER and WOLCOTT, and not a few Democrats, equally ardent for free silver coinage, are, nominally at least, still maintaining their old party relations, evidently with the desire and hope of inducing their respective parties to hold them and to attract others of their faith by an attitude "friendly to silver." And this hope, inspired by the cowardice of the political managers on both sides, is, we regret to say, by no means entirely unfounded.

In order to check this tendency, and to bring the issue between the silver standard and the gold standard clearly and directly before the people, the bid of the silver men should therefore be counterbalanced by another, and, if possible, more potent bid on the opposite side. The formation of sound-money clubs and of a national sound-money league for the purpose of educating the people, which has recently been proposed, is very good in its way. It would, if carried out on a large scale and with spirit and energy, also completely answer the object if the necessity of a decision were not so pressing. But inasmuch as the credit and the prosperity of the country suffer so seriously from the uncertainty hanging over us, and as this dismal condition of things will not only not be relieved, but be made worse, if that uncertainty be continued or made even more threatening until the next national election, a mere educating process may prove insufficient. More drastic remedies are required. As the silver men form a separate party organization, to be bid for by the old parties, so the friends of sound money should make a separate party organization, to be bid for by the old parties too. Let a number of firm and determined sound-money Republicans and a number of firm and determined sound-money Democrats unite in a common declaration that they regard the money question as at this time overshadowing all other questions; that they are inflexibly resolved to be influenced by no other consideration; that they will organize for common action independently of their former party affiliations; that they will support no party whose platform is not absolutely satisfactory as to the monetary policy, and no candidate who cannot absolutely be depended upon as a sound-money man; and that, if neither one of the old parties gives the required guarantees, they will nominate and vote for candidates of their own—let men in whose good faith and courage the country has reason to believe, take such a stand, and the situation will be changed at once.

An organization of this kind, supported, as it would be, by the most important and powerful business interests of the country, would speedily convince the party-managers, especially on the Republican side, that by catering to the silver men they would have infinitely more to lose than to gain, and that if any bidding is to be done at all, it will be far safer to bid for the votes and the influence of the revolting friends of sound money than for the favor of the silver-mining camps and of the Populist shouters. This is the surest way to bring the money issue clearly and directly before the people, and for aught we know it may be the only one that is quite sure.

THE ODIOUS INCOME TAX.

THE argument of the income tax cases before the Supreme Court at Washington last week suggests many interesting reflections. In the first place, the ability and learning of the counsel on both sides make the argument a striking contrast to the debate on the same subject in Congress. To an impartial reader of the speeches it seems as though a majority of the two Houses could not have been induced to vote for the measure if they had listened to such arguments as were advanced in the court-room by ex-Senator EDMUNDS, Mr. CHOATE, and their associates. Of course argument does not always count against narrow sectional prejudices and the fears of the demagogues. At the same time intelligent American citizens who have read the annals of earlier Congresses must occasionally long to see the effect on our present statesmen of real argument such as happily some Americans are still capable of making.

In the second place, the thought must occur to every citizen of the country who ever understood and appreciated the attitude of the founders of our system of government, and of their ancestors who went to war and overturned governments in order that the dignity and independence, as well as the actual freedom, of the individual might be maintained, that we have lost sight of some of the most precious muniments of liberty. Every one who desires to get back to the fundamental ideas which underlie our institutions ought to read ex-Senator EDMUNDS's argument in these income-tax cases. It would be improper, while the cases are before the court, to discuss the questions involved in them, as they must be dealt with by the judges; but Mr. EDMUNDS's argument presents a broader proposition, and one that should have caused the legislative branch of the government to refuse to place such a law on the statute-book.

Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN contended in Congress against this income tax because the poor man has the right to bear his portion of the public burdens. That citizens should regard the payment of taxes as a right as well as a burden may seem a highly extravagant conception. But it is a fundamental truth that it is an essential condition of a free land that its citizens should share its burdens as well as its protection. And if there be those who doubt this proposition, familiar to all students of the common law and of free governments, let them reflect on what would be the result if the government should attempt to relieve all citizens having incomes of less than a certain specified amount from military or jury duty. The citizen may grumble about his taxes, but how many American landowners having an income of under $4000 a year would like to become objects of charity by an act imposing all taxes on landed proprietors who enjoy incomes beyond that amount? It is probable that some of our people would be glad to escape burdens at the cost of others, but if there be many such degenerate sons of the makers of America we are glad to believe that it would only be necessary to remind them of the real character of a law which would divide the people into classes, and make those of one class the pecuniary beneficiaries of those of the other, to inspire them to demand their share of the burdens, of the citizenship, of the manhood of their country.

In this income tax the principle is followed that people who have incomes above $4000 may be compelled to pay the cost of government, while those who have smaller incomes may escape. The minority, as Mr. EDMUNDS pointed out, may be compelled by the majority to pay this tax. If this is true of one tax, it is true of all taxes. It may come to this, that the whole cost of government may be imposed upon the thrifty. No one can possibly foresee the corruption that would eventually result from the adoption of the policy upon which this income tax rests. It involves all the corruptions and venalities that have invariably disgraced plutocracies, for human nature is so constituted that he who pays will in some way or other control, and after the people of this country have deliberately divided themselves into classes, compelling one class to pay all the taxes, and making the other class the objects of charity, the time will not be long before they will become willing recipients of bribe-money. The line is shadowy between permitting a neighbor to pay one's taxes and asking him to pay one's butcher's bill. If it be objected that this is a distant and remote danger, the answer is that the danger is already upon us if the people of the country have so lost the character that has placed the race to which they belong in the front of civilization as to willingly accept the bounty wrung by Congress from the well-to-do. Free States rest on free, high-spirited, and self-respecting men, not on those who are willing to cast their burdens upon others, or who permit their representatives to create by statute an "upper class" founded on the possession of money.

Long forgetfulness of the past and long years of freedom from the necessity of vigilance have left their mark on the moral characteristics of the American people. They have been taxing themselves so long for the benefit of some who have gained great riches through the national liberality that they easily accept the theory that they may now tax the rich for the benefit of all. But in doing this they are risking the dearest possessions which they have inherited from ancestors out of whose loins have sprung the greatest nations of the world. How oblivious Congressmen are of rights which are so fundamental that our forefathers wrote them into the Constitution is shown by the provisions of this income-tax law, which not only relieve the majority of the people of this burden, but grant to subordinate agents of the Treasury Department the power to make inquisitorial searches into the private affairs of citizens. It is an ancient and a sacred right, that of freedom of the individual from unreasonable search. The citizen who might not be arrested without warrant, whose house might not be entered except on the authority of a writ, whose papers were guarded from prying eyes, whose privacy was as dear to the law as the privacy of the King, was the freeman whose life and property were not at the mercy of an absolute ruler. When the laws recognized and the authorities were compelled to respect such a citizen, modern free government began, and therefore the law whose fate now hangs upon the decis-

ion of the Supreme Court should never have been enacted by the law-makers of a republic. What has become of the sacred privacy of the free citizen if he can be haled before a subordinate of a subordinate and compelled to declare the inmost secrets of his business, or, if the subordinate sees fit, to pay a penalty of 100 per cent. on the tax which the official imagines him to owe? And from the exercise of that discretion no appeal lies to the courts of the country. The principle that sooner or later an aggrieved citizen may carry his wrongs to the judges is another old-fashioned institution which has been overturned in order that class rule and class divisions might be established in this land where once it was our proud boast that all stood equal before the law.

BLOTS ON OUR CIVILIZATION.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 13th of March, there appeared in the daily newspapers three pieces of news which greatly discredited the civilization of the country. One despatch announced that a mob of white men in New Orleans had murdered some negroes because the steamship companies employed them instead of whites to unload their vessels. The murder was deliberately planned and carried out. The affair lasted a short time, but long enough for the shooting of a British citizen. The Mayor seemed to be supine. This incident creates an international controversy, and the United States government, as once before, when a mob in the same city murdered some Italians, is called upon to answer for the inability of the authorities of New Orleans to protect life, although it has no power over those authorities.

In Colorado some Italians had murdered a deputy sheriff, and the mob had taken justice into their own hands, and had killed five of the murderers as they were on their way to jail. A general riot followed. Shot-guns and revolvers in the hands of angry mobs usurped the functions of the law.

Still more disgraceful, if anything could be more disgraceful than these incidents, was the occurrence that marked the closing hours of the session of the Legislature of Indiana. There was a conflict between Governor Matthews and the Legislature; they were at odds over an attempt of the latter to remove the custodian of the State Capitol. It was a petty party squabble for a petty office. The Legislature had passed the removal bill, and the Governor had waited until the last moment to veto it. He wished to prevent the Legislature from passing the measure over his objections. He therefore sent his secretary with his message at the last moment. The Republican law-makers were waiting for him. They tried to keep him in the elevator by running it continuously up and down. Finally he escaped to fall into the hands of a mob only a little less murderously inclined than the ruffians of New Orleans and Colorado. These law-makers, representing the dignity and sovereignty of Indiana, broke the secretary's ribs, and fought and beat one another. A disgusting fight ended the session, and the people of Indiana were shamed by the men whom they chose as their representatives, just as the people of New Orleans and Colorado were disgraced by the failure of the city and State authorities to prevent the rule of murderers.

We may say that this disgrace is local. In a measure this is true. But in a still greater measure the whole country is responsible for conduct that, as the London *News* says, would not be out of place in the wilds of Dahomey. For whatever crimes result from differences between the races in the Southern States, for whatever violence marks the barbarism of the frontier, and for whatever ruffianism disgraces the Legislature of Indiana, the outside world now holds the nation responsible. If foreign citizens are wronged in these outbreaks, the nation, and not the complaisant servants of the mob in the local administrations, must respond to the governments of the injured. All these crimes and outrages are marks of a low order of civilization. They cannot be cured by more law. There is already law enough, if it were enforced, to hang the murderers of New Orleans and Colorado, and to imprison the law-breaking legislators of Indiana. The trouble is with the men chosen to enforce the law, and they are the base fruitage of an unwholesome, or at least an indifferent, public opinion. What is needed is general enlightenment, including a due appreciation of the sanctity of law, a reverence for peace and order and for the high places, to which only the worthiest citizens should be chosen. And whatever we may justly say of the disgrace inflicted on the country by these recent occurrences in the South and the West, the East has not done its duty in spreading such enlightenment when we consider a Murphy machine in Troy and Tammany corruption in New York.

AN AUSTRALIAN PROBLEM.

For some years past, in the language of the Australian press, federation has been in the air of the great island continent, and now a movement is in progress which looks like a real step towards its realization. The Premiers of all the colonies have held a meeting, and have agreed that something ought to and shall be done to secure federation. To judge from the reports that have reached us, the Premiers of the Australian colonies are federalists to a man. They have pledged themselves, each in his own Parliament, to bring forward a measure, on the terms of which they have all agreed, to carry the project of a federal union into effect. The draft bill which embodies the ideas of the Premiers appears to be in some respects an unprecedented measure. If the colonial Parliaments give it the force of law they will have practically effaced themselves in relation to the largest and most important question which ever has or could come before them. The people of the colonies will in effect be asked to appoint a special Parliament to deal with the question. It is true that when dealt with the new legislation will be subject to a popular vote as to its acceptance or rejection, but the Parliaments of the colonies will have no say in the matter.

Novel as such a proposal may be, it was probably the only one that held out any prospect for the speedy realization of the idea of an Australian federation, and yet the new plan is very far from being sure to command success. Any state federation involves some surrender of local powers and privileges now possessed, and the popular desire for federation must be a strong one to overcome the drawbacks which any possible scheme will involve. Does such a desire exist in Australia at present? The causes which generally have led communities to such a conclusion are strikingly absent in the case of Australia. No external danger menaces the country; no common foe threatens its liberties; there is nothing apparent which either drives or draws the separate colonies very urgently towards a legislative union. The idea of imperial federation may possibly influence a few persons, but the idea is an exotic, originating not with the colonies, but with England, and so far as appearances go it is one which has no hold on the people. The people of Victoria, eager for intercolonial free trade, with rigid protection against the rest of the world to encourage their own manufactures, are strong advocates of union; New South Wales is well disposed, but not enthusiastic in the cause; Tasmania in this, as in most things, is dominated by Victorian influence. On the other hand, Queensland and West Australia are afraid of interference with their freedom of action on the great question of labor for their tropical territories; and South Australia, having both tropical and temperate territory, is somewhat lukewarm.

To the outside world such objections may seem small, compared with the added importance which a united Australia would obtain, but the question, after all, is how it strikes the Australians themselves. Probably the Premiers' bill may be passed by nearly all the colonies, although this, in its present form, may be far from certain; but it is when the details are settled, when the inevitable give-and-take process has been gone through, that the critical point will be reached. Appearances would seem to point to a probable consent on the part of New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania; to a less certain adhesion of South Australia; to a probable refusal of Queensland and West Australia; and to an almost certain refusal on the part of New Zealand.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

That New York is to have a public library commensurate with its population, its wealth, and its intellectual standing is practically assured. The consolidation of the funds and collections of the three foundations, with the aid which will be received from the State, makes a worthy beginning of what ought to become one of the great libraries of the world. In one subject at least, and that the most important to a library in this country, the new collection will be richer than any other in existence. The Americana which Mr. Lenox left to his trustees has been greatly enriched by subsequent purchases, until now it excels in quality if not in quantity. The British Museum may possess more volumes and pamphlets that come under the generic head of Americana than are to be found on the shelves of the Lenox, but for students of our history the New York collection is probably the more useful. This has been especially true since the purchase of the library of the late George Bancroft and the collection of American newspapers bought from Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

There are many scattered collections of Americana, of course, where are to be found valuable manuscripts, transcripts, and publications in which the new public library will be lacking. There are papers belonging to the New York Historical Society, at Washington, in Boston, Philadelphia, Newport, the old Southern cities, and at other centres of pre-Revolutionary importance, and there are priceless documents relating to our history in nearly every capital of Europe, and in many out-of-the-way places, even in secluded castles and manor-houses. It would be in bad taste to offer advice to the public-spirited men whose concessions to one another are making the public library a possibility, but it may be proper to express the hope that when this great work is an accomplished fact the State will see to it that it is not lacking in funds to make its collection of the material for American history so complete that the student and writer may have the means for the prosecution of their labors within the boundaries of this country. Generous sums ought to be expended for the copying of originals that cannot be purchased. The opportunity is presented by this consolidation of gathering in the United States nearly all the material for a complete and accurate history of the country—a monumental work such as cannot be written under existing conditions without the expenditure of an amount of money in researches such as few students can afford. The foundation exists in the 40,000 volumes of Americana in the Lenox Library. Not only that, but Americana is the most important and the fullest subject of the united collections. The task of the future will therefore be its extension.

This is, of course, only one feature of the new library. To the student who will do his work within its walls it will be the most important and interesting feature. It will be a long time before the popular features of the library can be organized. The mere task of getting the three collections together will be enormous. And it will not be until after that is accomplished that the problem of establishing the circulating department will be taken up and solved. In the mean time, however, a great boon has been bestowed upon the city and its people, upon those who study and those who read, a boon that will broaden slowly down from the three foundations, until out of the love of learning that will be stimulated there will come a fourth foundation, destined in time to greater proportions than the three—the foundation of the people; for the New York Public Library cannot be the monument that it ought to be unless the people carry on the work of the future.

THE SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

Since we wrote last week about school reform the news has come from Albany that the Bell bill is to be "beheaded," or deprived of the provision for paid commissioners, and then is still to be urged upon the Legislature. "Time was that when the brains were out the man would die." It behooves us to look for the source of this unusual vitality in a decapitated measure.

The bill directs the appointment in each of twenty-four or more districts of five trustees, to be selected, "so far as the interests of the schools....will permit, from the trustees....then [now] in office." By Sections 10 and 11 the trustees are to possess, with a few exceptions, all their present powers—that is to say, the bill provides for the retention of all the patronage of the schools in the hands of the men who now control it, directing only that it shall be equally divided among them by districts, instead of unequally by wards.

The chief evils of our city school administration have arisen from the scattering of power among twenty-four boards of laymen. It is true that the central authority provides an eligible list from which appointments must be made, and true also that the superintendents pay three or four visits to each school during the year; but this is not enough to maintain a uniform standard of teaching or administration. Some of the trustees have been upright, self-sacrificing men. If all were such, their work would still be disjointed and, since they are not experts in education, inefficient. But it is charged that they are not all honest men, and that in many of the boards nepotism and party politics control. If this is not sometimes true it is because irresponsible power has not borne its usual fruit. Unfortunately, too, the regions of the city which most need good schools are upon this plan least likely to have them.

Who would think of allowing a committee of five citizens in each precinct to appoint, officer, and direct its police? Who would apply such a system to the Fire Department, or attempt by means of it to clean the streets or to protect the public health? This system of governing the schools by local boards of laymen, unreasonable in theory, has never been practically tried except in three cities. In all three it has proved a failure. The alternative proposed by the Committee of Seventy is in substance found in every modern system. The management of the schools is committed to a central authority, trained and therefore competent, conspicuous and therefore responsible. The people want a modern, rational, scientific system of administering the schools. The Legislature will do well to heed them, and not the small though active band who are trying to keep the headless Bell bill on its feet.

THE CRAIG COLONY.

A chorus of expostulation arises in the western part of this State against a bill introduced at Albany by Assemblyman Kelsey, of Livingston County, for the reorganization of the Board of Managers of the Craig Colony for Epileptics at Sonyea. The bill establishing the colony provided for a board of five managers, whose residence was not indicated.

Under this law Governor Flower appointed four men, residents respectively of the first, third, seventh, and eighth judicial districts, and one woman (Mrs. Charles Wadsworth) from the seventh district. The seventh district is the one in which Sonyea lies. Two of the men on this board were Republicans; two were Democrats—so the board has no political complexion. Mr. Kelsey wishes to reorganize this board by appointing one member from each judicial district, and four from the State at large, thus making it possible to get in five members from Livingston County. The purpose attributed to him in devising this change is to secure the patronage of the institution to sound Livingston County Republicans. This would localize an institution which was not devised for the benefit of Livingston County, nor for the commercial advantage of sound Republicans anywhere, but for the benefit of the whole State and the care of epileptics. Just this sort of localization was what the original bill was framed to avoid. In the case of the epileptic colony lately started in Ohio provision was made against it by a law prohibiting the appointment of any manager resident in the county where the institution is. The Craig Colony is in excellent hands as it is. Two of its five managers are physicians. The institution, now at the threshold of its usefulness, is devoted to a work of the purest benevolence, and ought not to be crippled by concessions to the hunger of politicians.

FRANK WORTHING AS PROTEUS.

JAMES LEWIS AND HERBERT GRESHAM AS LAUNCE AND SPEED.

ADA REHAN AS JULIA.

SIDNEY HERBERT AS THURIO.

GEORGE CLARKE AS THE DUKE.

"TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA," PRODUCED AT DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.—[See Page 270.]

A TROLLEY AMBULANCE CAR.—Drawing by Charles Broughton.—[See Page 286.]

MISS KATHARINE PRATT.—By John S. Sargent.

MRS. JAMES SWAN.—By Gilbert Stuart.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL.—By Abbott H. Thayer.

MRS. F. P. VINTON.—By Frederic P. Vinton.

PORTRAIT.—By William M. Chase.

MRS. WILLIAM CLAFLIN.—By William Morris Hunt.

MRS. GEORGE VON L. MEYER.—By Julian Story.

MRS. DANIEL SARGENT.—By John Singleton Copley.

BOSTON'S LOAN EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.—From Photographs by Stebbins.—[See Page 270.]

THE "TWO GENTLEMEN" AT DALY'S.

"His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth."

"Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon."

No deeper notes than these in passion's gamut are sounded in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Julia's love for Proteus is more than a matter of melodious words, for it is a true passion, but it is ill bestowed and wasted. The love of a good woman for an unworthy man, and his reclamation through its influence, have often formed the theme of dramatic poetry. But Proteus is not reclaimed; he is subjected to no test; no ordeal successfully endured proves his inherent right to forgiveness. Valentine's requited affection for Silvia is expressed with poetic beauty, and a hint, at least, of dramatic strength. His lament under the sentence of banishment is only less impassioned than that of Romeo, of whom, in this single scene, Valentine is the prototype. But he loses all sympathy in the dénouement when he seriously offers to resign Silvia to Proteus, as Aimwell flippantly offers to bestow Dorinda upon Archer in *The Beaux' Stratagem*.

For these reasons only the *Two Gentlemen* has been rarely acted. Obviously the most ambitious and high-minded theatre-manager cannot restrict his repertory to acknowledged master-works, and this early comedy of Shakespeare has not been neglected merely because it is inferior to *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*. In a certain sense the *Two Gentlemen* is a master-work, for it is unquestionably a work of the master, and nothing by Greene or Peele, Fletcher or Massinger, nearly equals its fluent eloquence and lyrical charm. It represents genius not yet sure of itself, and too subservient to models, and the tame impotency of the dénouement, even more than the changed quality of the verse in part of the last act, suggests that it was merely a new form of an earlier play, and that the poet hastened his work by retaining the closing scenes of the original. This view, however, does not accord with the fancy of those who associate the sentiment of Valentine's renunciation with certain expressions in the Sonnets, and who find justification for that action, which seems so contemptible to us, in the favor shown by some of the Elizabethans to the exaltation in poetry of friendship over love.

The comedy must have been written in 1592, when the poet was twenty-eight years old, and the latest approved chronological arrangement of the plays places it between *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet*. This place for it is claimed by the esteemed but frequently amusing Mr. Furnivall, with many instances of internal evidence in all three plays as proof. Certainly Launce and his dog are worthy of the creator of "the Hard Handed Men of Athens, and the resemblance of the intrigues involving two pairs of lovers in *The Dream* and the *Two Gentlemen* is as easily seen as the strong likeness, already noted, of Valentine's banishment speech to Romeo's. But the *Two Gentlemen* is interesting to Shakespeare students as the source of ideas in many of the plays later than these. The first scene between Julia and Lucetta is repeated in a finer way with Portia and Nerissa as the personages. Julia masquerading as Sebastian has experiences that are developed when Viola, the sister of Sebastian, is disguised as Cesario. Speed's banter about marriage is heard again in *Much Ado*. Thurio at times, in one speech particularly, reminds one of Cloten, and Julia again very faintly suggests Imogen, as she also is briefly like Rosalind in the woodland scenes, where Valentine's revery, beginning, "How use doth breed a habit in a man!" is like the exiled Duke's first speech in *As You Like It*. These forest scenes in the *Two Gentlemen* and Valentine's election as captain of the outlaws may have been derived from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and there are hints of the influence of Bandello's *Appolonius*, extant in Riche's translation, in the comedy. But the original source of the main plot is a story in Montemayor's *Diana*, translations of which by Yonge, Paston, and Wilson were either in print or circulated in manuscript toward the close of the sixteenth century. An early play taken from this, *The History of Felix and Philomena*, may have been the one rewritten by Shakespeare.

Though deficient in dramatic vitality, the *Two Gentlemen* is distinguished by romantic sentiment, youthful buoyancy of spirit, and in the reading it suggests a series of beautiful pictures, lacking deep perspective, often devoid of the sense of motion, but rich in color and graceful in form. The idea of giving it a place in that series of tasteful revivals of Shakespearian comedy at Daly's Theatre, which in eight years has included *Taming of the Shrew*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, seems recently to have occurred to Mr. Daly, though there are no signs of hasty preparation in the production. Schubert's exquisite setting of the song, "Who is Silvia?" had been used with fine effect in *Twelfth Night* ("Fair Olivia, who is She?"), and it was necessary to use a less-known and far less beautiful melody for Thurio's serenade by proxy, but the pictorial setting of this incident, with Julia dressed as a boy present as a silent witness of the perfidy of Proteus, the scornful Silvia seen on a balcony, and the singers floating in pleasure-boats upon a moonlit lake, appeals strongly to the fancy, and Leveredge's tune is sweetly sung.

The other incidental music is selected from Sir Henry Bishop's many settings of Shakespearean and pseudo-Shakespearean verse, and his tunes have a quaint old-fashioned quality which befits this play. "On a Day," sung by the loiterers in Julia's garden, who resemble figures in an old tapestry, while the garden itself is like the pictorial realization of a line from "L'Allegro," is from the "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music," included in some of the editions of Shakespeare, while "The Merry Good Year," which is heard while a graceful, fantastical dance is going forward, is the song of Justice Silence in that sad roistering scene of the *Second Part of King Henry IV*. The verses of "Good-night, Good Rest," are in "The Passionate Pilgrim," while the "Monarch of the Vine" is taken from that splendid episode in *Antony and Cleopatra* when the rulers of the world hold revel on young Pompey's galley. Mr. Henry Widmer's arrangement of these tunes, and his own instrumental music, give new evidence of his skill and good taste. The scenery is all beautiful in design and execution, and the tempest in the woodland view of the last act is a striking effect. The costumes, designed by Graham Robertson, copy Italian fashions of the sixteenth century, though of no definite epoch, and the personages are grouped in the ensemble scenes with a good eye to color harmonies. It would not be well to fix too positively the date of the action in the scenic details of the performance. Shakespeare's Milan is a creation of a poet's fancy. It is true that a German Emperor might have held court in Milan, but Shakespeare's Emperor is clearly the Duke, who speaks of his daughter as an Empress.

The new arrangement of the scenes is rather daring, and some of the abrupt sequences at first startle the spectator, but finally he approves of them. For no more of the text is omitted than is usual in stage versions of Shakespeare, and all the best passages, those that charm by their lyrical quality and those that contain the largest measure of dramatic force, are retained. To be sure, the illusion is somewhat endangered when, Proteus having been directed by Antonio, in Julia's garden, to prepare for a speedy departure, Julia immediately enters with foreknowledge of his going. But I am inclined to hail this innovation as an improvement, or at least as one whose fault is counterbalanced by its merit. For the abode of Proteus being next door to Julia's, we have a new and intelligible explanation of his love for her. He would naturally make love to the girl living nearest to him. The buoyant nature and mercurial spirits of this changeable youth are scarcely expressed by Mr. Frank Worthing, nor is his Proteus endowed with any visible fascinating powers, such as a youth must have possessed so to charm a fair lady, to mould the will of an imperious Duke to his own uses, so to affect even the scornful, single-minded Silvia that she sends her portrait to him, and to win and hold the friendship of noble Valentine. Mr. Worthing has been a good actor, too, of other rôles, and he has strong moments in this, as when Proteus falls in love with Silvia at first sight. But I am afraid the jocose expression, "two walking gentlemen," applied to Valentine and his friend when Macready produced the comedy in 1841 will ever cling to them.

Mr. Craig probably makes all that could be made of Valentine, and he is particularly happy in his sensible and eloquent delivery of his share of the text; but this constitutes, to my mind, one of the greatest charms of every performance of Shakespeare on Mr. Daly's stage. The rules of pronunciation there insisted on are free from affectations and vagaries, and verse is always read clearly and musically.

Miss Rehan's beautiful voice gives rich expression to Julia's share of the text, and her acting is distinguished by mingled archness and simplicity in the banter with Lucetta, and with the requisite degree of fervor in the later scenes. The incidents of the destroyed love-letter and Silvia's portrait are treated with fine discretion. The actress does not attempt to force the sentiment of scenes the chief beauty of which seems to be their delicate fragility. Her Julia inevitably awakens memories of other characters she has taken which have afforded larger opportunities, but it is as fair to look upon as any of these, and for the time satisfying. A word for Mr. Lewis's dry and meditative Launce, and the suitable indifference to his environment, be it street or palace hall, displayed by his dog Crab; for the nimble and shrewd Speed of Mr. Gresham, and the haughty Thurio of Mr. Herbert, whose grotesqueness seems quite unconsciously expressed; and a longer and stronger word or two for the admirable acting of Mr. Clarke in the scene of the Duke's trick upon Valentine; for the lovely Silvia of Miss Maxine Elliott, and the dainty, piquant confidante of Miss Carlisle.

No thrill of excitement, no surprise, no moment of suspense, no spell of hearty merriment accompanies this performance, but it is all agreeable to look upon, pleasing to the ear, and satisfying to the imagination. If it is not exciting, neither is it tedious. The mind does not wander from the stage, and a potent charm is continuously exerted. Much depends, of course, upon picture, melody, and dance, and in each case these are suitable as well as lovely. But quite as much depends upon good acting, apt, illusive delineation of such traits of character, emotions, and moods as the play contains, and this is provided too. And the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* has been made, what it never was before, a successful stage-play.

EDWARD A. DITHMAR.

THE BOSTON EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

BOSTON has followed the example of London and New York in instituting an exhibition of portraits of women. The Boston exhibition, like that of New York, has a charitable object for its motive, and its proceeds are to go to the Children's Aid Society and the Sunnyside Day Nursery. Its opening reception, on Monday evening, March 11th, was a brilliant social event. Copley Hall, with its adjacent Allston Hall, the scene of the exhibition, is at present the only place in Boston outside of the Museum of Fine Arts where a picture show of such magnitude could be held. These halls form the assembly-rooms of the Grundmann studios, an enterprise of the Boston Art Students' Association, which has done a real public service in this work.

The New York exhibition was richer in brilliant contemporary work, but the Boston occasion comes to the front in a great display of old family portraits. Special stress has been laid upon the latter feature. Remarkably impressive is the spectacle of the west and north walls of Copley Hall, covered with a stately array of the older masters, nearly all colonial and last century work, and nearly all ancestral portraits in the Boston families that now own them. These works cover considerably more than one-half the space, and in the adjacent gallery the old portraits also make a goodly showing.

There is a superb array of Copleys and Stuarts—forty-one of the former and forty-nine of the latter. Both masters make an impression that powerfully increases the great esteem in which they have been held. Such a collection of Copleys was never seen together before, and the only occasion upon which the present showing of Stuarts has been rivalled was the special Stuart exhibition at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts shortly after its opening. The representation of these two great painters is alone enough to make the exhibition a notable one. The collection of Copleys in particular dominates the gallery. One is impressed by the grand style of Copley's work, its dignity, its elegance, its serious character, its vitality, its masterly qualities in painting, as well as in impression.

Of other, older masters there is a remarkably good showing. There are three examples of Washington Allston, fifteen portraits by Francis Alexander, six by Jonathan Blackburn, of pre-Revolutionary celebrity (including one attributed work), five by Smibert, eight by Sully, six by Trumbull, seven by Rembrandt Peale, three by Joseph Ames, and five by Chester Harding. Some of these, like Ames—who painted a notable portrait of Lincoln—bring their work down very near to the present, and men like the late G. P. A. Healy and the late Richard M. Staigg seem only a little later.

Practically with contemporary painters such eminent masters as the late William M. Hunt and the late George Fuller seem to belong, and their paintings are very appropriately hung in company with the works of men like Sargent, Chase, and Vinton. There are eighteen works by Hunt and nine by Fuller—portraits which will be treasured like Copleys and Stuarts in the twentieth century.

In the way of what may be called exotic attractions, there is a sprinkling of old European masters—three works by Paul Veronese; an attributed Titian; a genuine Van Dyck; six Sir Joshua Reynoldses, including one attributed work; two Gainsboroughs; and one Sir Thomas Lawrence. A modern exotic feature is a remarkable study of a peasant girl, by Bastien-Lepage, a fascinating piece of painting, that offers in its coarse and humble character a strange contrast to its elegant surroundings.

The exhibition has a strongly individual New England character that makes it interesting to strangers by reason of what it stands for, as well as of intimate concern for the local community. The older masters are largely distinctly New England—when not by birth, at least in adoption and clientage. Of the more modern and the contemporary painters represented, the same is also true to a great extent—for instance, Hunt and Fuller, and many of the living artists whose works for the greater part have necessarily been restricted to single examples by the limitations of space.

The extraordinary representation of the older masters has not been made so great as to overshadow the interest in contemporary work. The character of contemporary portraiture is represented in great diversity, and with adequate attention to its various phases.

Only by comparison with the magnificent showing at the New York exhibition—made possible by the enormous resources of the greater city—does the Boston exhibition suffer. While there is no such splendid showing of the works of eminent Parisian painters as made a fairly dazzling display upon the walls of the New York galleries, there are many fine examples of modern European artists, including Cabanel, Benjamin Constant, Carolus Duran, and Dagnan-Bouveret—the last represented by a charming portrait of his wife. J. F. Millet's portrait of his wife is also one of the features. Henner has a portrait of Madame Claude Monet; and Hubert Herkomer is represented by four portraits.

Among the modern American works the place of honor is given to the beautiful group by George De Forrest Brush, the portraits of the artist's wife and children, that did such credit to the American department at the World's Fair. Two portraits by the late Dennis Bunker are of sterling merit; Frederick P. Vinton's fine likeness of his wife shows what he can do in woman portraiture, although he makes a specialty of the other sex; there is an important group of seven portraits by John S. Sargent; William M. Chase is represented by four notable works; and Whistler by an unfinished head.

There is a splendid miniature collection, which makes a great exhibition in itself, numbering 228 examples.

THE DALMATIAN COAST.

TWO OLD ROMAN CITIES.

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

EARLY one morning our little vessel cast loose from the stone quay at Sebenico, and threading its way out of the narrow channel, steamed away south between the mainland and the island of Zlarin towards little Traü, the ancient Tragûrium of the Romans. A few miles below Sebenico we passed out into the open sea and rounded the rocky promontory of Diomedis, famous through two thousand years for its dangers, but looking peaceful and quiet enough on this calm morning, crowned by its little votive chapel, built by a grateful mariner, who so narrowly escaped shipwreck on this notorious point that he at once commenced the erection of the chapel to commemorate his escape, using his whole cargo of Malvasia wine to mix the mortar used in the construction of his thank-offering.

After rounding the redoubtable headland we again pass under the lee of a group of islands, and presently come into view of the massive stone towers of the old fortifications, and the graceful church spires of the ancient Roman city.

Traü is built on a small island, cut off from the mainland by a narrow channel, crossed by a wooden bridge, while opposite, protecting the little city from the *boras*, the fierce storms of the Adriatic, lies the island of Bua. The two islands are connected by a stone drawbridge, and are so close together that our steamer throws a rope to each, and these being made fast on either shore, we lie in mid-stream a little distance above the drawbridge.

Our arrival had been expected at Traü, and we were met on the wharf by Il Conte Gian Domenico di Fanfogna Garagni, the Podesta of the city, who conducted us through the lion-guarded gateway in the walls near a picturesque old loggia to the Piazza dei Signori, at one side of which is the imposing old cathedral, with its fine sculpture and wonderful carvings beneath the impressive dark porch, while opposite is the old loggia which in Venetian times was the open-air court of justice, and where, in honor of our arrival, the municipal band was stationed, playing away industriously for our benefit. The Piazza was thronged with citizens listening to the music. Conspicuous in the crowd were the Morlak women, with their towering head-dresses, consisting of a sort of crown of red cloth built high up on their heads, and covered with a smooth white linen kerchief falling in folds to their shoulders—this, with the heavy woollen aprons woven in gay stripes, and long dark blue sleeveless coats worn over a white woollen under-garment with flowing sleeves, all elaborately embroidered and decorated,

making one of the most striking and picturesque costumes to be seen in all Europe to-day. Some of the old market-women, with their wicker baskets filled with green vegetables, and with faces seared by hardship and exposure, were such veritable old crones that they could have appeared as the witches in *Macbeth* without the trouble of making up. A good-natured Dalmatian held two of the Morlak women, whose modesty prompted them to escape my camera, and while they were laughing at their capture I got a picture of the group. Finding that I had taken their pictures while they were laughing, they were much disturbed, fearing perhaps that I could not have done them justice under such circumstances, and came and posed before me in solemn seriousness, with their hands folded, in order that I might obtain a more dignified souvenir of our meeting.

A reverend father conducted us through the doorway of the cathedral, which was guarded on one side by a great stone lion, above which was the figure of Adam, while on the other, supported by a great lioness, stood Eve. The dimly lit interior is sombre and majestic, and rich with curious old carvings, and the treasury contains some fine old silver and wonderful old embroidered vestments. When we had seen all the glories of the old Duomo, and the fine old organ, under the direction of our guide, had pealed a welcome to us, we were taken out beyond the walls of the city through the Porta di Terra Ferma, which bears the statue of the redoubtable S. Giovanni Orsini, the patron saint of Traŭ, whose bones repose in a chapel bearing his name in the old cathedral. S. Giovanni was a wonderful man in his lifetime, and well deserves the grateful remembrance of the Traŭrini. Among his benevolent acts are cited the causing of scanty vintages to produce unusual quantities of wine, walking out on the waves to the rescue of a shipwrecked crew off Diomedis, and the destruction of Coloman's battering-ram with a sling. When the Venetians sacked Traŭ in 1171 they found the body of the saint in the ark which they were searching for treasure. Upon his finger was a wonderful ring, which, through the intervention of some miraculous power, could not be removed. Determined not to be baffled by a miracle, the Venetian despoilers ruthlessly tore the arm from the body and carried it back to Venice with them, depositing it in the church of S. Giovanni di Rialto. Some three years after, according to the Traŭrini, S. Giovanni, "who would be all their own," caused his arm to return on the eve of his festival, when it "came flying like a comet through the air, and was found on the ark wrapped in white linen," thus showing that the efficiency of the old saint as a miracle-worker had not been impaired by his death. As a further example of his power, which continues to the present day, he has caused a cypress-bush to spring from between two stones over the gateway which bears his effigy, and cunningly to conceal the lion of St. Mark which was placed here to assert the sovereignty of Venice, thus preventing the Traŭrini of to-day from being reminded of their ancient bondage to the great republic. The Traŭrini believe that this bush is miraculously sustained by the saint himself, and the Morlaks regard its appearance each year as a prophecy of a good or bad season, according as its foliage is green and luxuriant or yellow and sparse.

Outside the gate a little cavalcade, consisting of all the available rolling-stock of the entire section, awaited us, as the streets of Traŭ are too narrow to admit of carriages, and they are but little used in the adjoining mountainous country. Under the guidance of the Podesta, we entered the six antiquated one-horse chaises, and, to the wonder of the Traŭrini, who had seldom seen so gallant a cavalcade, we were whirled away across the little wooden bridge to the mainland, where we were driven to the top of a great hill, which commands a beautiful view of the little town and harbor, and, beyond the slope of the opposite island of Bua, the long stretch of the blue Adriatic. Then we were driven back through the vineyards and orchards of figs to the gateway of the little town, with its quaint narrow streets and curious old houses, that has known so changeful a history. Founded by the Greeks, ruled by the Romans, conquered by the Venetians, sacked by the Saracens, attacked by the Tartars, subjugated by the Ban of Bosnia, it has survived and forgotten all its troublous times, and is passing its old age in peace and content.

While the hawsers were being cast loose from either shore, preparatory to our departure, the musicians stationed themselves on the little drawbridge, which swung open for us to pass on our way to Spalato, and as we glided slowly through the narrow opening, to the farewell strains of the band, the portly red-bearded figure of the Podesta, Il Conte Gian Domenico di Fanfogna Garagni, appeared under a sun-umbrella in the midst of his musicians, waving us adieux.

From Traŭ we proceed down the Canale Castelli, which takes its name from the Sette Castelli, seven villages which originally sprang up under the shadow of seven old Venetian fortresses, which still stand among the old houses; and a little further on our steamer makes the circuit of the fine bay on the shores of which once stood the proud city of Salona, the Roman capital of Dalmatia, and the bulwark of Roman power in the province. There is but little remaining aboveground to testify to the ancient glory of the city. Taken and retaken time and again by Goths and Huns, it met its final ruin at the hands of the Avari in 639, and its marble columns and sculptured capitals now lie hidden in the dust of the centuries that have rolled over them since its fall. Rounding another point, we come in view of the harbor of Spalato, and in the distance is the city, crowned by the great campanile, which, boarded in scaffolding to its very top, towers above the walls of Diocletian's palace. On May 1, 305, Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, abdicated his imperial throne and repaired to this palace in Dalmatia, ostensibly to raise cabbages, thus setting the stamp of imperial approval upon the 1st of May as the correct day on which to change one's residence.

The palace, which was twelve years in building, preserves to this day many traces of its former magnificence, and its solid construction and vast proportions—nearly ten acres being enclosed within the massive walls, which rise to a height of fifty feet on the land side, and over seventy feet toward the sea, where the land falls away—are still wonderfully impressive. Along the quay, in front of the sea-wall of the palace, market-boats from Greece, Turkey, Italy, and Hungary are ranged, with their colored sails stretched as awnings above their various cargoes of yellow fruit, green vegetables, golden dates, figs and nuts, and gay pottery of curious shapes, and here the boatmen bargain all day long, buying and selling, or exchanging their wares for merchandise which will find a ready sale at their own ports. Here we see the first turbans of Mohammedans, as Spalato is the principal port for goods which are sent from Italy to Turkey overland, and the Turkish merchants have agents here to buy and ship their goods to them. The workmanship of the jewellers here shows traces of Oriental influence, and some of the silver filigree-work is as fine and well executed as any you will find in the bazars of Constantinople or Damascus.

Diocletian's palace, although sufficiently large for the abode of one man, has made a cramped little city of Spalato, three-fourths of which is built within the old palace walls. When the citizens of Salona were driven from their city by the Avari, they fled here for protection, and established themselves within the palace, building up every available space within the walls, and leaving only the narrowest of little alleyways to serve for light and air and passage. Only the peristyle of the palace has been left free for a public square, and even here the beautiful columns have been roughly hacked into, and used as supports for the wretched little houses which have grown up between them.

At the end of the peristyle is the entrance to the temple, guarded on one side by an Egyptian sphinx of black granite. In the museum of the town is the body of the companion sphinx, which formerly guarded the other side of the doorway; but long ago, on some unlucky day, it lost its head, and was removed from its post of duty. The head has since reappeared, built into the wall of the house of a citizen of the town, where it may be seen to-day; but persuasions, bribes, and even the threats of the Austrian government have as yet failed to convince this lover of art of the propriety of restoring it to the headless body in the museum. We were conducted through the narrow streets of the old town to the cathedral, the temple of Æsculap, and the museum by a man who is to Spalato to-day what Diocletian must have been in his time—the man of the place. It is he who has charge of all the restorations and repairs of the ancient monuments of the town; it is he who personally superintends the rebuilding of the campanile; it is he who founded and directs the little museum where most of the treasures found at Salona are stored; and it is he who attends to the welfare of the souls of the Spalatini of to-day. His card reads as follows: "Msgr. Fr. Bulic, Camérier de honneur de S. S. Léon III., Directeur du Gymnase et du Musée Archéologique, Conservateur de la Commission Centrale pour les monuments d'art et d'histoire, Membre Correspondant de l'Académie Jugoslave, Membre ordinaire de l'Institut Archéologique Allemand, Spalatro-Dalmatie, Autriche."

Later in the day, in company with our reverend conductor, we climbed to the top of the scaffolding which surrounds the old campanile, toward the restoration of which the Austrian government gives from thirty to forty thousand florins annually, and had an extensive view of the surrounding country, the plain of Salona, and the sea. There are many large vineyards all about here, but in late years the wine industry has not prospered, as, since the treaty with Italy which allows of the competition of Italian wines in Austria, the demand for the wine of Spalato has decreased, and it may now be had at the rate of three or four cents a bottle.

In the evening we went to a very new and modern theatre, which seemed entirely out of place in the old city, and heard a Bohemian opera troupe give *The Seven Ravens*.

The next day we steamed away south again, past the island of Solta, the ancient Olyntha, famed for its wonderful honey produced from the cistus rose and rosemary, and out into the blue Adriatic, which was as placid as an inland lake, and after rounding the point of Lesina, shaped our course for the island of Curzola.

SIGNS OF PEACE IN ASIA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE latest news from the Oriental duellists, China and Japan, looks toward the termination of the war more or less speedily. It is apparently the intention of the Japanese to continue their triumphal march—it can scarcely be called by a much more serious term—on to Peking. Being Oriental herself, Japan very well knows that any promise wrung from China, and any agreement made with her, will be of dubious value until it is actually carried out. She knows, too, that no promise China makes would be likely to be kept unless that nation continues to feel the alarm that the unbroken victories of her enemy's arms have engendered. Count Ito, of Japan, wrote truly when he notified China the other day that "instances are not wanting in which Chinese commissions, after having formally agreed to international compacts, have refused to affix their seals, and cases might be cited in which treaties solemnly concluded have been unceremoniously and without apparent reason repudiated." One needs to go no farther than recent experiences of the French and the English to get corroborations of that charge. Japan is evidently proceeding upon the assumption that the word of the "Son of Heaven" is no better now than it has been in the past. Furthermore, Japan is exciting general admiration throughout the civilized world by her never-varying success in this war, and she is in no hurry to shorten the pleasurable sensations this brings to her. In fact, it is assumed by all who have studied this war close at hand that Japan will not under any circumstances rest until her troops have at least entered the capital of her enemy.

The United States is taking a creditable part in the endeavor to bring peace back to the two nations. Through our minister, Charles Denby, at Peking, and our minister to Japan, Mr. Edwin Dun, the preliminary negotiations have been carried on. At the outset Japan agreed to receive peace envoys from China, provided they were satisfactory to Japan, and provided that they possessed full power to accept and to bind their country to any proposition which they found to be the best that could be obtained for China. China made the first overture for peace directly after the fall of Port Arthur, her greatest stronghold and the key to Peking. China sent a foreigner in the person of a Mr. Detring, who had been conspicuous and shown considerable ability in her customs service, but the Japanese would not receive him because he was not properly accredited. China, which only sought to postpone the evil day of reckoning, immediately disclaimed all responsibility for his undertaking. She next sent as her peace envoys Messrs. Chang-yen-huan and Shao-yu-lien, with General John W. Foster, of this country, as their counsel. Chang is a distinguished member of one of the boards that form the government or carry it on under the Emperor. Shao is acting governor of the province of Hunap, and is a mandarin of the first rank—that is to say, he wears a ruby, or red-stone, button, in his official cap, exhibits a crane embroidered on a square of silk on the breast and back of his robes, and binds them with a girdle fastened with a clasp decked with a bit of jade-stone set in rubies. But in spite of the standing of these envoys, China laid herself open to a suspicion of double-dealing, for their official instructions were to telegraph to the Tsung-li-yamen, or Foreign Office Board, at Peking, and obtain their Emperor's commands with regard to the offers and demands of Japan. Japan, on the other hand, had equipped her plenipotentiaries with full power to ratify whatever agreement should be reached. Her ministers for this purpose were and are Count Ito and Viscount Mutsu.

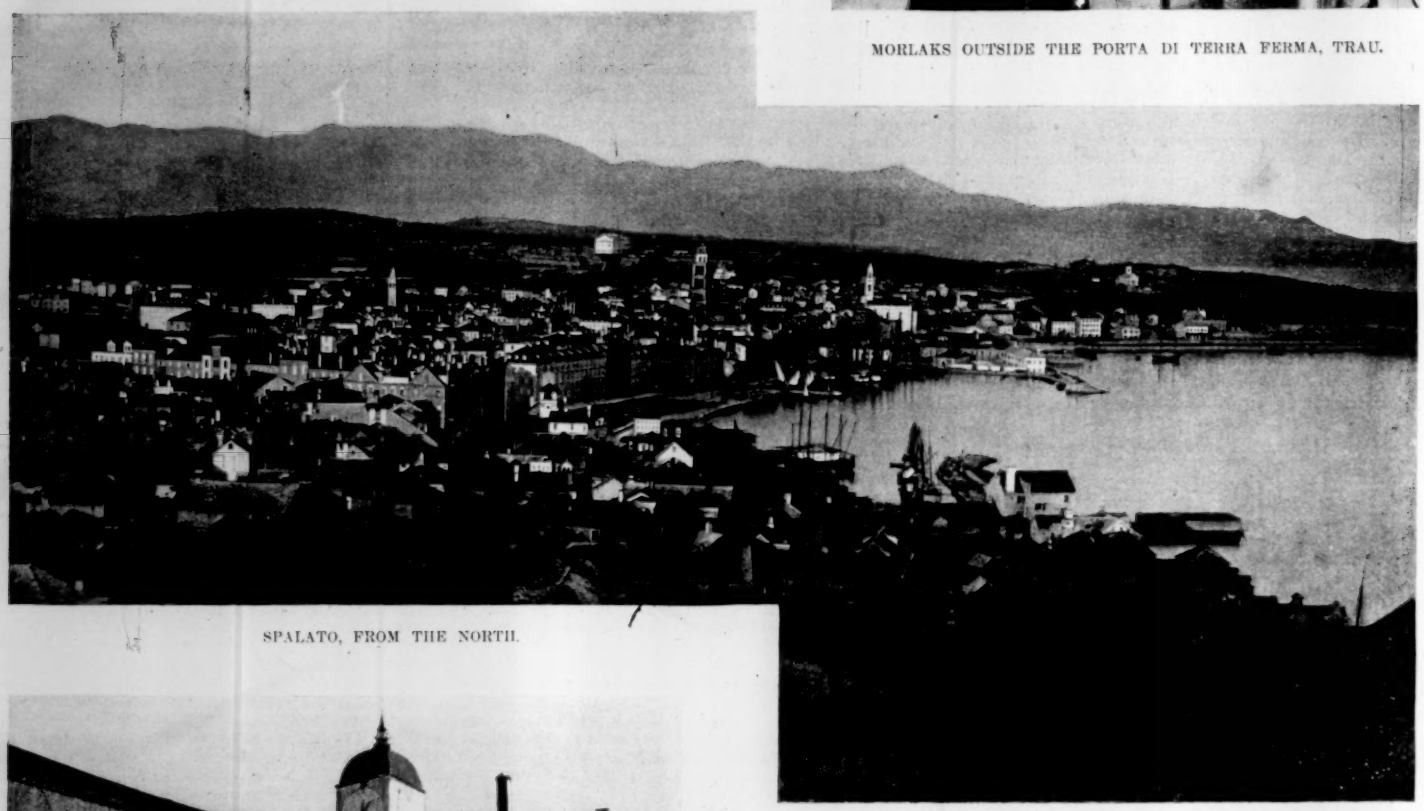
Distrustful of the sincerity of China, the Japanese asked the Mongolian envoys the direct question whether they came with full powers. The Chinese envoys replied that the conclusions to be reached upon both sides were to be by them telegraphed to Peking, to be ratified by the Emperor if they were proper and in good form. Count Ito replied that the powers of China's envoys were "fatally defective," and the ministers were dismissed. The Count added that whenever China found herself sincerely desirous of peace, and would confide full powers to officials of such rank as to give assurance that what they agreed to would be carried out in good faith, Japan would enter anew upon negotiations. As a result, and in apparent proof that she is in earnest, at least, China is said to have appointed her greatest statesman, Li-hung-chang, to visit Japan and treat for peace. It is commonly said that this proves that Li-hung-chang has been restored to the imperial favor, but the fact is that he enjoys no more and no less favor at court than at any other time during this war. He is the chief man in the government because he is the ablest man in it, and the strongest support of that real ruler of whom he is the favorite—the Emperor's aunt, the Empress Dowager. A month or two after the war began his enemies endeavored to weaken his hold upon the court, and there were vague tidings of confusion in the palace, and of an effort to humble him and to weaken the authority of the Empress Dowager. But he remained, as he had been, practically the Prime Minister. His much-discussed loss of the Yellow Riding-Jacket was not so much a sign of loss of favor or prestige as it was an act of deference to Chinese custom—an easily reparable humiliation for permitting a war to break out while he was at the helm of the ship of state. Even the Emperor humbles himself in some degree in that country when disaster in the form of flood or epidemic or famine visits China. The doctors are only paid when their patients are well, and the officers of the government have their full honors only when affairs move smoothly under them. Li's appointment seems to indicate that China will make an honest effort for peace—not merely because it is her most powerful subject that she has commissioned, but because Li is her shrewdest and most skilful citizen and diplomat, and is apparently to be relied upon for his perfect knowledge of the situation at home, as well as for obtaining the best terms from Japan that any Chinaman can get.

Mr. Li is now an aged man, and is reported to be the wealthiest man in the empire except the Emperor. He is even said to be worth $150,000,000, invested in land and buildings in the treaty ports and in commercial ventures, but all guesses at the extent of his wealth are idle. He reached his eminence by sharing the glory of General Gordon's warfare against the Tai-ping rebels, having boldly assumed at the outset that Gordon would be successful. Both Gordon and himself were decorated with the Yellow Riding-Jacket and the three-eyed Peacock's Feather, the highest decorations in the Emperor's gift. They are only worn at court, on the field, and during official journeys. At the outbreak of this war Li-hung-chang's enemies charged him with treason in having maintained friendly relations with the Japanese, particularly Count Ito, up to the declaration of war. His friends now argue that if there was any ground upon which to base that charge, he is the better fitted to coax the powerful Japanese minister into a gracious mood.

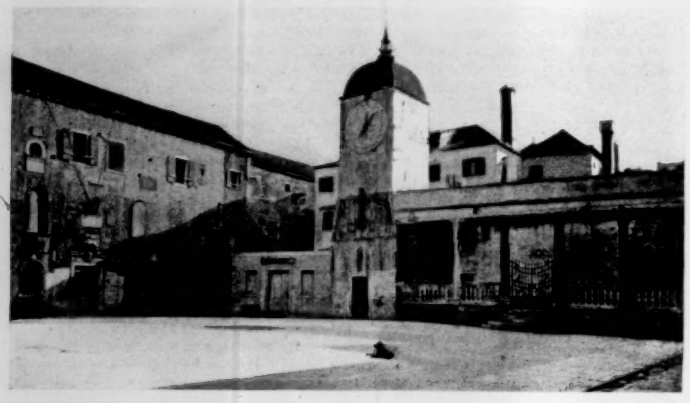
To judge by the belief of the best-informed persons, Japan is likely to prove both revengeful and greedy when she declares the terms upon which she will cease hostilities against China. It is said that she meant at the outset to demand Korea as part of her price for peace, but that Russia has declared that Korea shall be independent as the outcome of this war. Russia may, later on, remind Korea that she is independent because of Russia's interference, and that an acceptable return for this friendship will be the cession of the port of Chemulpo, and a strip of land to the northward of it for a route for the Russian transcontinental railway, which is now planned to terminate at Vladivostok—a port that is frozen up during half of each year. Therefore it is said that Japan will demand the independence of Korea and the cession of the powerfully fortified harbor and settlement of Port Arthur—so that Japan may command Korea upon both sides and insure her independence. In view of Russia's objection to her annexation of Korea, Japan will demand the gift of the great rich and lovely island of Formosa, which she covets for its value, and because it is naturally a part of the chain of islands that composes Japan. She will demand the opening of several more Chinese ports to the commerce of the world, in order to establish her merchants in them ahead of all competitors for the trade that will develop there. Finally, she will ask for a good round sum of money. The war will have cost her, perhaps, $150,000,000. She will want a money profit on the investment; $250,000,000 is the sum oftenest mentioned in the surmises that have been published. No one can say what will be the result of these extraordinary demands. It is thought that Russia will not permit the establishment of a Japanese force at Port Arthur, and that England will not permit Japan to acquire Formosa. If these beliefs are well founded, the enormous possibilities of egotistic persistence on the part of Japan can be seen by the reader. They are terrible and complicated. They renew the earliest fears that were aroused when the fighting began in Korea last August, at which time it was said that possibly the long-delayed struggle of the European armed camps would be begun in Asia.

HEAD-DRESS OF MORLAK WOMEN, TRAU.

MORLAKS OUTSIDE THE PORTA DI TERRA FERMA, TRAU.



SPALATO, FROM THE NORTH.

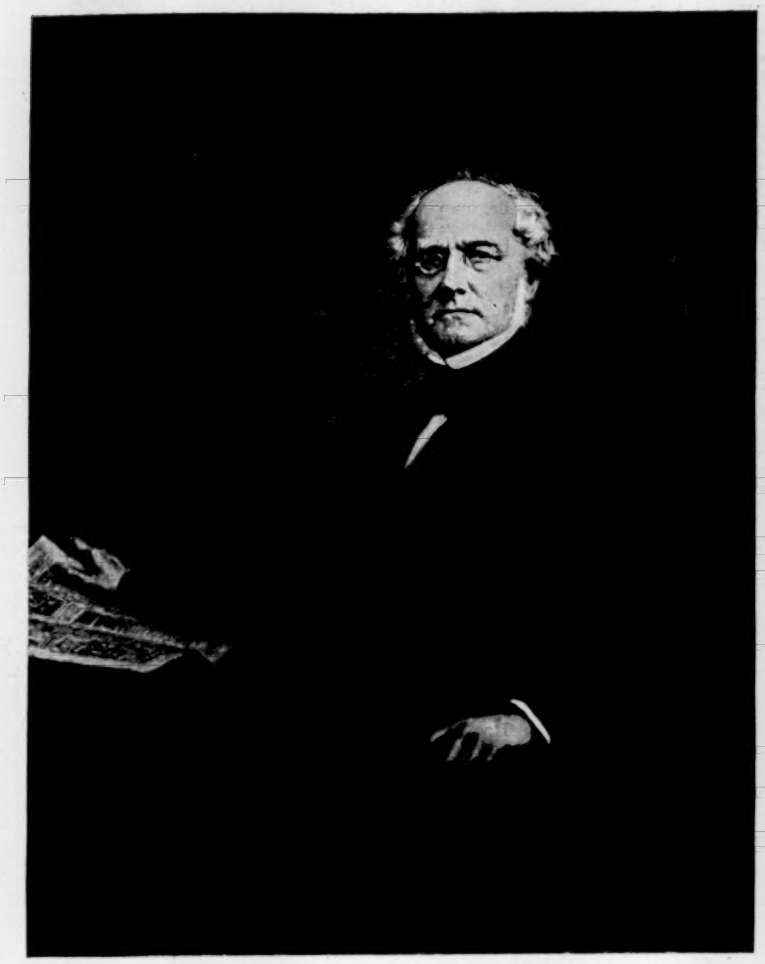


OLD LOGGIA—PIAZZA DEI SIGNORI, TRAU.

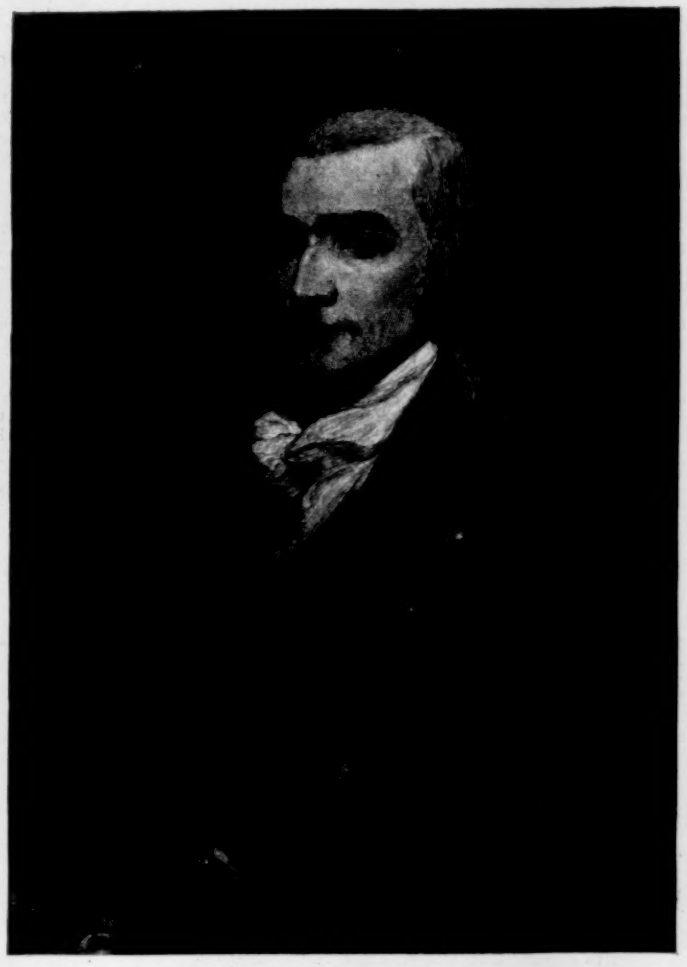
RUINS OF SALONA.

PERISTYLE OF DIOCLETIAN'S PALACE, SPALATO.

TWO OLD ROMAN CITIES OF THE DALMATIAN COAST.—[See Page 270.]



JAMES LENOX.—From the Painting by Daniel Huntington.



JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR, LENOX, AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE earliest idea of a Free Library consisted of a single book fastened to a wall, and open for the inspection of the few scholars who knew enough to read it. In our days, when most men and women can read, books are as free to the public as is the water it drinks, if the public will but draw, and quench its thirst at the well of knowledge.

Verily the times are changed. And the inventors of the printing-press, and the early printers, have done more for the civilization of the world than have all the masters of all the other arts put together.

Chained books are mentioned occasionally in the chronicles of the eleventh century, although they were not common in England, or on the Continent, until the Reformation; and many of the books in the Bodleian Library at Oxford were not unchained at all until 1750. There is a tradition, and a very clear one, that Luther, in his early days, was a persistent reader of the chained Bible in the Monastery at Wittenberg, the only copy of the Scriptures within his reach. Since he broke their bonds no man can say how many Bibles have been given to men for free perusal.

The first Public Library is supposed to have been founded by Pisistratus, in Athens, five centuries and a half before the Christian era. The first Public Library in Europe, and the first "Lending" Library in the world, is believed to have been based upon the collection of books left to Durham College, Oxford, in the fourteenth century, by Richard de Bury, author of the *Philobiblon*, that famous father of all books-about-books. A word or two here about this parent institution of De Bury's may not be out of place. It was said to include a greater number of volumes than all the bishops of England had in their possession. And the owner drew up "A Provident Arrangement by which Books may be lent to Strangers," meaning by the term strangers, it is supposed, students of Oxford not belonging to his own college. The custody of the books was intrusted to five of the scholars, of which three, and in no case a less number, constituted a quorum, and these were empowered to lend any book or books for inspection or use only. "But for copying or transcribing they did not allow any books to pass from the house. When any scholar," we are told, "whether secular or religious, was qualified for the favor, and demanded the loan of a book, the keepers, provided they had a duplicate of the book, might lend it to him, taking a security exceeding the value of the work so loaned." This, of course, was before the days of printing, when books were rare and worth a king's ransom; and the library could hardly be called a Free Library as we understand the words today.

The treasures of De Bury were scattered, alas, after his death. They were fastened to reading-desks or pews until Henry VIII. dissolved Durham College, when they gradually disappeared; and only two works out of this magnificent, historical, mediæval collection are known to exist in the world to-day; one being in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, the other in the British Museum in London.

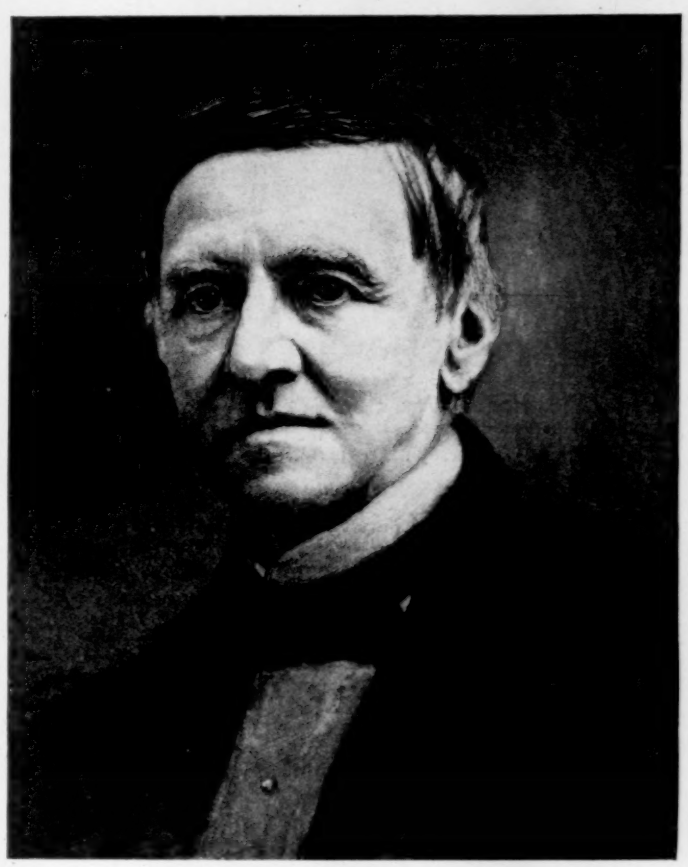
So much for the beginnings of books and the collecting thereof.

New York, the metropolitan city of the American seaboard, has long labored under the disgrace of having no Public Library from which her citizens could take books without price or without restrictions. The library founded by John Jacob Astor consists mainly of books of reference. It is open to the public during certain hours of the day, but never at night, and never on holidays; and no volume of any sort can be removed from the building under any consideration. The same rule governs the books in the free reading-room of Cooper Institute. The Apprentices' Library is free only to the members of the Mechanics Society and to their families. The Mercantile and the Society Libraries are nothing but great book clubs, which permit their subscribing members, for a certain sum per annum, to carry books to their homes. The Lenox Library, the collection of James Lenox, was handed over to the city of New York in 1870, with an act of incorporation transferring all his treasures to the public. Hitherto it has been open to all who care to enter it, but for inspection only, and, like the Astor, only by daylight. The Tilden Library, bequeathed to the citizens of New York, has never been opened to the world at all. Of these metropolitan institutions, therefore, but three may be called Public Libraries, the Astor, the Lenox, and the Tilden, and not one of them, up to the present time, could properly be called Free.

Charles Sumner once wrote to Theodore Parker, "I range daily in the alcoves of the Astor, more charming than the gardens of Boccaccio, and each hour a *Decameron*." The famous old building on Lafayette Place, so soon to be demolished, is endeared to more than one generation of literary browsers, who have ranged its alcoves in search of shoots and twigs more tender and more nourishing even than those which grew and sprouted in the rich valleys and on the smiling slopes of the Fiesolean hills of sunny Italy. As a show-place it has received Thackeray and Dickens, and the transient lights of other lands; as a workshop it has helped and comforted, and given shelter and tools of trade, at some time, to most of the writing men and women of our own country, from Halleck and Irving down to the apprentices of to-day, who are laboring, and learning to labor, with their brains.

And the present journeyman is glad to lay this little wreath upon the pedestal of the bust of the good man who made the Astor Library possible and practicable and —Public.

Mr. James G. Cogswell, the first Librarian of the Astor, to whose untiring energy and universal knowledge of books so much is due in its inception and equipment,



SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

wrote, some years ago: "For the existence of this library the community is indebted to the generosity of John Jacob Astor. . . . He wished, as he said, by some permanent and valuable memorial to testify his grateful feelings towards the city in which he had so long lived and prospered. When he consulted with his friends as to the object to which his intended liberality should be applied, the plan of building a Public Library was most approved, and his decision was promptly taken in favor of it." Among the friends whom he consulted were Fitz-Greene Halleck and Washington Irving; and Mr. Irving was the first President of its Board of Trustees. Mr. Astor did not live to see the completion of his work. He died in 1848, six years before the building was formally opened to the public, but he endowed it with the handsome sum of four hundred thousand dollars. His son, William B. Astor, added five hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the fund, and this sum was increased by John Jacob Astor, son of William B. Astor, and grandson of the founder. Other members of the Astor family have made to it munificent gifts in money, in books, in manuscripts, and in works of art, and its total endowment to-day is estimated at over two millions of dollars.

In the dusty show-cases in the central hall are many rare specimens of early printing; but in this respect it is by no means so rich as is the Lenox collection. The value of its contents is to be estimated by their intrinsic character rather than by their extent.

John Hill Burton, in *The Book-Hunter*, says that "Mr. Cogswell spent some years in Europe with Mr. Astor's princely endowment in his pocket, and showed himself a judicious, active, and formidable sportsman in the book-hunting world. Wherever," Burton continues, "from private collections or the breaking up of public institutions, rarities got abroad in the open market, the collectors of the old country found that they had a resolute competitor to deal with—almost, it might be said, a desperate one—since he was in a manner the representative of a nation using powerful efforts to get possession of a share of the literary treasures of the Old World. . . . I know that in the instance of the Astorian [*sic*] library the selections of books have been made with great judgment, and that after the boundaries of the common crowded markets were passed, and individual rarities had to be stalked in distant hunting-grounds, innate literary value was still held as an object more important than mere abstract rarity, and, as the more worthy quality of the two, that on which the buying power available to the emissary was brought to bear." This, although not very clearly expressed, as coming from a man who has set himself up as the Sir Hubert Stanley of book-hunting, must be considered praise indeed.

Mr. Henry Stevens, of Vermont, who styled himself "a Bibliographer and Lover of Books," in his *Recollections of James Lenox*, printed in 1886, tells in a gossipy way the story of the formation of the Lenox Library. The volume is a comparatively uncommon one, familiar enough to book-lovers, and to lovers of books-about-books, but not very well known to the great mass of book-readers, to whom books as books are not always so dear as is literature as literature. He prefaced his remarks by the statement that "Public Libraries are intellectual light-houses for the information and guidance of the people," and then he proceeded to show how one grand intellectual beacon was designed and erected, speaking as an expert and as a trained builder of such edifices. For more than a quarter of a century, between 1845 and 1871, Mr. Stevens's intercourse and confidential relations with Mr. Lenox, as agent and principal, were of the closest character. He proved Mr. Lenox to have been a man of few words and of few intimate friends, but of varied information, of much studious reading, of extensive correspondence, and of many books. He was born in 1800, and he died at a ripe old age just eighty years later. He inherited from his father in 1840 a vast property, including many acres of land in the upper part of the city of New York, upon a portion of which the present Lenox Library was built, and he was ever a lover and a gatherer and a hoarder of books—in manuscript and in print, old and new, but always good. When Mr. Stevens became his purveyor in the English and foreign markets, he had already begun to accumulate his unequalled collection of Bibles. Mr. Stevens commenced by supplying him with early works relating to the history of America, and ended by ransacking all Europe for bibliographical treasures of all sorts. His chapters upon the search for and the securing of the "Mazarine" Bible, the "Wicked" Bible, the "Bay" Psalm book, the "Columbus Letters," read like romance; and to all true bibliophiles they are twice as romantic. Besides these, and among other "nuggets," Mr. Lenox acquired, through his biographer, in this country and in Europe, many very rare and almost priceless editions of Shakspere, Walton, Milton, and Bunyan; the manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address; three thousand volumes from Washington's private library, with the autograph of the Father of his Country on the title-pages; two early manuscript New Testaments, by Wycliffe; Cromwell's Letter to John Cotton; and, among works of pictorial art, a landscape by Turner. And so on for many fascinating pages.

All of these things are to be housed in the New York Public Library, and are already the property of the citizens of New York.

In his brief biographical sketch Mr. Stevens thus sums up the character of James Lenox—the bibliographer, the collector, the founder of one of the most valuable public libraries in the New World, the philanthropist, the builder of churches, the establisher of a large public hospital, the giver to New York of a Home for Aged Women, the dispenser of untold silent charity, the benefactor of his native city and his honored country—as a man who paid his taxes liberally, bore his share of the public burdens, helped the needy, but avoided all public offices, and pastured, figuratively, the widow's cow.

The ground upon which the Lenox Library stands was donated by Mr. Lenox. He expended something like a million of dollars upon the building and the furnishing of the substantial granite pile in which the library is contained; and he added the further sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a permanent endowment. Most of the books, and many of the pictures, were the gifts of Mr. Lenox; he constantly contributed to it, and he left a still further endowment in his will. Besides its literary treasures, its autographs, its black-letter and illuminated books and manuscripts, are valuable paintings by Bierstadt, Copley, Delaroche, Gainsborough, Landseer, Peale, Reynolds, Stuart, Wilkie, Verboeckhoven, and others—generally the donations of Mr. Lenox himself.

The citizens of New York, who are the heirs of Mr. Lenox, have never realized before the value of his legacy; and very few of them, perhaps, have ever even seen the outside of the noble monument he had erected to himself for our profit and our recreation.

In his forth-coming *Life of Samuel J. Tilden* Mr. John Bigelow writes: "Though not a book-collector in the ordinary sense, Mr. Tilden had a very fastidious taste for books, which he indulged without much regard to expense. His library numbered some fifteen thousand volumes. Though the large part of them were of the class 'which no gentleman's library is complete without,' there were also among them a very considerable number of the most rare and costly publications of the world now in commerce. He bought books for his immediate use and enjoyment, and apparently with no thought of collecting a library that should be complete in any department—always excepting his law library, which was the most complete in the country up to the time of his withdrawal from the active practice of his profession."

Among Mr. Tilden's rare and costly publications were the first, second, and third folios of Shakspere, and the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, all of them duplicated by Mr. Astor and Mr. Lenox; Audubon's *Birds of America*, a choice collection of Cruikshankiana, a large paper copy of Lodge's *Portraits*, and scores of volumes enriched by the process of extra-illustration.

But the value of Mr. Tilden's gift to the public consists not so much in his books as in the magnificent en-

WILLIAM B. ASTOR.

dowment which accompanies them. In Article XXXVI. of his will he wrote, "I request my said Executors and Trustees to obtain, as speedily as possible, from the Legislature an Act of Incorporation of an institution to be known as the 'Tilden Trust,' with capacity to establish and maintain a Free Library and Reading-Room in the City of New York, and to promote such scientific and educational objects as my said Executors and Trustees may more particularly designate." And for this purpose he bequeathed the sum of nearly four millions of dollars.

Long litigation has reduced this legacy about one-half; nevertheless, Mr. Bigelow estimates the present value of the endowment at from two to two and a quarter millions of dollars, with an annual income of some eighty thousand. "The Trustees of the Tilden Trust are anxious to apply this fund," says Mr. Bigelow, "in the way that shall prove most advantageous to the people of the city of New York, and at the same time strictly conform to the wishes and expectations of the testator, as manifested in his will. . . . In view of these facts, and in view of the fact that the city of New York is not only more destitute of library accommodation than any other city of its size in the world, but more destitute than many cities in our own country of far less wealth and population," the Trustees of the "Tilden Trust" offered the endowment to the Municipal Building Committee of the city, in 1893, to be devoted to the construction of a Public Library in a new City Hall, which, at that time, it was proposed to erect in Bryant Park. In 1894, however, the repeal of the act authorizing the removal of the old City Hall, indefinitely postponed this action; and Mr. Tilden's books and bequests are to reach the people of the city of New York in another way, but in one which is felt to be quite in harmony with his wishes.

The union of these three great corporations, to be known as "The New York Public Library and Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations," to be contained under one roof, and open to the entire community at all reasonable hours of the day and night, is one of the most important events in the whole history of the Island of Manhattan. The collection will be as fine, if not as large, as any in the world; and, curiously enough, it will contain but few duplicates, except of such volumes as should be duplicated in any useful institution of the kind. The Astor is strong in works upon art, mathematics, and law; the Lenox is rich in Bibles, in Americana, and in specimens of Milton, Shakspere, and Spencer; while the comparatively small collection of Mr. Tilden, as has been seen, is of a miscellaneous character. Above and beyond all this the wealth of the New York Public Library, derived from the three foundations, will enable its trustees, as the years roll on, to add to its collection very many works which it does not now possess. The income of the Astor Library during 1894 has been estimated at very nearly fifty thousand dollars; the interest on investments of the Lenox endowment during the same period was not far from twenty thousand dollars; while the revenue from the Tilden fund, as is seen, will equal that of the income of the other two combined. These figures, although they are merely approximate, will show how great are the possibilities of further accumulation, and how rich is the promise of the library in the future.

The trustees of the New York Public Library have not yet decided upon, or at least they have not yet made public, the plans and scope of the institution. Whether or not, like the Boston Public Library, it is to be a "Lending" Library, as well as a Library of Reference, has not been determined or disclosed. None of the collections of which it is comprised contain much of what is known as light reading—that is, reading light enough in character to be carried away—and it is presumable that the majority of persons availing themselves of its privileges will be willing and ready to read, upon the spot, the works they wish to consult.

As a model of Public—not "Lending"—Libraries, that belonging to the British government, and housed in the British Museum in London, is pre-eminent. It is said to contain from a million and a half to two millions of books; it is supplied by a law of the land with a gratuitous copy of every work printed in Great Britain, and naturally it is increasing enormously in size. Its great circular, high-domed Reading-Room is most admirably arranged. Comfortable tables, affording ample accommodation for three or four hundred readers, converge toward the centre, like the spokes of a wheel. And in this hub, where sit the superintendent and his assistants, always obliging and always prompt, are the catalogues of the library, which form a library in themselves. In order to procure any volume or manuscript in the general library the inquirer has simply to write a ticket stating its name, its author, its number, its press-mark on the general catalogue, with the letter and the number of the seat he occupies in the Reading-Room. This ticket is deposited in a receptacle prepared for that purpose, and in a very short time the work he desires is brought to him by an attendant.

But the greatest convenience is the Reference Library of twenty thousand volumes, which is contained on the lower tiers of shelves, which extend all around the room. To these every reader has absolutely unrestricted access. The catalogues will tell him on what shelf and in which alcove the book he seeks is to be found, and he has merely to help himself, to carry his book to his table, to use it as long as he wishes, and to leave it *on* his table when his work is done. This last provision is a very necessary one, as careless persons are apt sometimes to place the book where it does not belong, and thereby produce endless confusion and annoyance to the next searcher for knowledge.

This Reading-Room is virtually free to all comers who present at the door a card bearing their own names and the signature of any London householder—that is to say, of any individual whose name is in the London directory. These cards are obtained in the building simply by the asking for them; they are not supposed to be transferable, but they are rarely scrutinized, and until they wear out they need not be renewed.

Some plan of this sort will no doubt be adopted by the New York institution as governing that portion of the building which is to be devoted to the reading and consulting of books in their own proper home.

The site of the great Library has not yet been determined upon, but it is not impossible that, for a time at least, the trustees will select the ground surrounding that now occupied by the Lenox, on Fifth Avenue, between Seventieth and Seventy-first streets.

Some objection is made to this position, as being not generally accessible to the citizens of New York, particularly if the works it contains or any portion of them are to be carried away for home consumption or for home enjoyment. To reach that very large class of readers who cannot go to the Library itself, various plans have been suggested by those interested in the subject. The most feasible of them is the system of a series of Branch Libraries in different parts of the city, where certain popular volumes may be ready for distribution to all applicants and at all times, and where requests may be left for other works which the branch office does not chance to contain.

All this, however, is a matter of detail. It is enough for us to know that upon these three rocks, the Astor, the Tilden, and the Lenox—as firm a foundation as literary beacon can have—is to be erected one great intellectual light-house, devoted entirely to the future information and guidance of the people of New York.

Verily the times are changed.

MONEY, CURRENCY, AND BANKING.

III.

WHAT would happen in a country which makes silver a legal tender when silver is worth less than gold, to those of its people who trade with gold countries? Of two communities one is agricultural, let us say, and the other is a manufacturing country. The people of the agricultural country consume one-third of what they raise. They must go to the other community for their clothes and their implements. They buy their clothes and implements with their surplus grain and other farm products. If they bartered, they would carry their products to the other community, and would receive the full worth of their own goods, less the cost of transportation both ways; for the farmer sells and buys in the market of his customer. But he does not barter; he sells to a buyer in his own community, who pays him in money. Wheat is worth $50 a hundred bushels, for example. The farmer receives $50 in silver, silver being one half the value of gold. He has been taught that if silver is made a legal tender his prices will go up, and let us concede that $50 wheat will bring $75 in silver; but it will require $100 in silver, and more, to buy $50 worth of clothes or implements in the gold country, and the farmer has lost by the transaction. This is what cheap silver money means to him. This whole transaction may become very much involved. Before the wheat reaches the tailor, or the coat reaches the farmer, a large number of persons may intervene. Eventually the settlement may be made by a bill of exchange. In this way the debt of one community to the other will be paid off. All transactions between the people of one country with the people of another are theoretically settled in this way. But as one transaction is governed by the

THE NEW STATE CAPITOL TO BE ERECTED AT PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.—FROM DESIGNS BY MCKIM, MEAD, & WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

same laws as the sum of all transactions, we may suppose that the farmer and the tailor settle their trade by bill of exchange. If the tailor is in debt to the farmer, he buys an order from a fellow-countryman of his own drawn on a debtor who is a fellow-countryman of the farmer. The order will be to pay the farmer $50. The farmer will receive $50 in silver for wheat that was worth in the tailor's country $50 in clothes measured by gold. If gold is worth twice as much as silver, the farmer could have purchased twice as many suits of clothes if he had received his payment in gold. To make this clear, for it is commerce between two nations reduced to its simplest terms, and is important: Dakota, in the United States, sells 500 bushels of wheat to Threadneedle, in London, from whom, in turn, Dakota desires to buy clothes. The price of the wheat in London is $250. Dakota lives in a silver country, and a silver dollar is worth 50 cents. Threadneedle buys the wheat and sends a bill for $250 to Dakota. Dakota takes his pay in silver. The clothes that he buys from Threadneedle are charged to him at gold prices, or if they come to more than the wheat he must, in order to pay for them, send a bill to London. But it must be a gold bill. His $250 in silver is worth only $125 in gold, and he will receive even less than that, for he is charged for the doubts and uncertainties prevailing in London about the finances of his country, and therefore he receives less than $125 in clothes for his $250 worth of wheat.

This is the result of muddling the financial question with a cheap metal and a wild theory. The man who undertakes to deal with a gold country in silver money must pay extravagantly for his trading. If Dakota's country had been a gold country he would have sold his wheat in London for its worth in clothes or any other commodity that he might desire. A good many persons say that if this country will insist on silver it is great enough and strong enough to compel Great Britain and the rest of the world to abandon the single gold standard, and to "re-establish" silver as a coin metal. There is no greater nonsense than this. If we adopt a silver basis the gold countries will buy our products at half price and sell us theirs at full price. While we may be great enough and strong enough to stand this without going into national bankruptcy, we are neither great enough nor strong enough to weary the foreigners of this kind of trading.

Metal money is the basic money. In speaking of bills of exchange I have touched upon the subject of the representatives of money, for money has its representatives, its agents that do its work for it, just as money itself does the work for those who want to trade off the goods they have for goods that others have. Metal money is often inconvenient. It is too heavy, for one thing, to be used in large quantities. When this is true it is open to all the objections that are made against barter. It will not serve for currency in some transactions. By currency, I mean money and its representatives that pass from hand to hand in daily transactions. Suppose, for example, that A should purchase property of B for $100,000. If A had nothing but gold in which to pay B, he would be obliged to buy a wagon and carry the price to B in this expensive and troublesome manner. If there were nothing but gold in the world, the man who goes into the central part of this State to buy butter and cheese, or to the wheat farms of the Northwest, would be obliged to carry with him chests of gold and an arsenal for his protection against robbers. Therefore paper currency and other representatives of money have been invented. And this paper is not confined to government notes and bank notes. It does not necessarily represent gold or silver, but it must be good for every dollar that it promises to pay, and, more than that, it must be believed to be good by those who are asked to part with their goods for it. It includes promissory notes, drafts, bills of exchange, and the checks of individuals. All these things pass from hand to hand, and the paper obligations of private persons, it is estimated, furnish the tools with which nine-tenths of business transactions are carried on. All these paper obligations rest on coined money or property of some other kind. They pass in trade because it is believed that they will be redeemed. Paper representatives of money must be honest just as money itself must be honest. H. L. N.

THE NEW RHODE ISLAND CAPITOL.

NEWER States and richer, having ten or twenty or even thirty times Rhode Island's resources, may indulge their pride in one great Capitol, superlatively splendid. But Rhode Island, moved, one is ready to believe, by some traditionary sense of her Cavalier gentility, has hitherto preferred to keep instead two Capitols—one at Newport and one at Providence—both of modest mien, and most simply liveried in brown. They are grave and dignified. Like old family servants, they bear themselves as if quite confident that long years of service had secured them in that of which no change in circumstances could ever deprive them.

It is true, however, that these Capitols are superannuated. For a decade or more they have been inadequate—not equal to the requirements of a commonwealth one of the smaller cities of which has a greater population than all Rhode Island had when the Capitols were built. Except for the ceremonies of inauguration, and the Legislative "May sessions" of rather knavish reputation, the one at Newport has not in recent years been used, while at Providence the various State departments cannot accommodate themselves to the limited capacities of the old House in Benefit Street. So in 1892 the voters of the State authorized an issue of bonds to the amount of $1,500,000 that a new Capitol might be erected at Providence and the old one retired. Out of many designs the commissioners selected at last the one submitted by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, of New York.

Differing in many particulars from the antique, the style of the work cannot be called classic. It represents the French treatment of the classic, is wrought out honestly and purely, and almost better than any other State House in the country satisfies the æsthetic demands of variety and unity without the smallest sacrifice of character. It will be built of white marble, on a balustraded terrace of pink granite, in a park of seventeen acres, on the crest of one of the seven hills which give variety of interest to the city of Providence. No architectural impression worth experiencing is to be had without aid from the factor of height. Thus the special fortune of this building is that it can crown Capitoline Hill (it ought to be named) as, less majestically, College Hill on the east is crowned by the university, and Christian Hill on the west by the cathedral. By it Providence will achieve a noble bit of sky-line, and street vistas even more charming than she has already.

Its dome at its highest point will rise 314 feet above tide-water. Not only will it be visible to every county in the State, which is not surprising, but to parts of Connecticut, and all but the remoter parts of Massachusetts. And if, in place of a finial, or a sculpture of "Hope" by Macmonnies, it is finally decided that a statue of Roger Williams must top the dome, the result will very nearly be that which Rhode-Islanders of a generation or two ago so much desired—which was nothing less than that the figure of the founder of Providence Plantations should be raised high enough to be seen from Boston State House! "It would be very gratifying to Bostonians, doubtless," runs the amusing record in Zachariah Allen's diary, "to behold from afar the exalted statue of the man whom their forefathers oppressed, persecuted, and banished from their State."

From end to end the structure will measure 325 feet; from ground to apex of dome, 234 feet. On the first floor it is planned to have department offices and vaults for storage. On the second story, in one wing, will be the Senate-Chamber, an exact reproduction of the old Senate-Chamber in the Capitol at Washington, regarded as one of the best audience-rooms in the world; and in the opposite wing the Hall of Representatives. Library, State, reception, committee, and other rooms will be conveniently connected with each. Light will come from above to the halls of legislation (architecturally, that is); the rotunda will have a height of 140 feet and a diameter of 55 feet; and one of the remarkable effects attained by the arrangement of the story will be a clear vista of full 200 feet from the Hall of Representatives through the rotunda and two statuary halls to the Senate-Chamber.

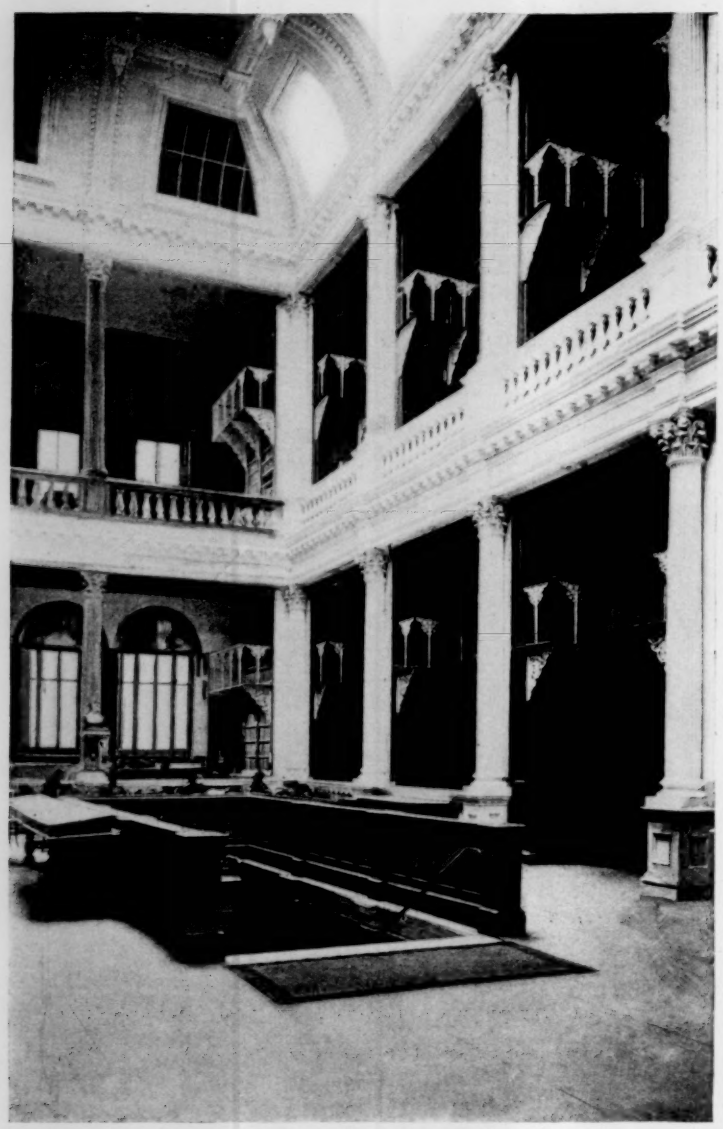
FRANKLIN CLARKIN.

SENDING MONEY BY EXPRESS.

THE express companies throughout the country have advanced their rates for the transportation of money recently on account of the many robberies of express trains which have occurred of late years. These advances cannot affect the rate paid on money hauled for the government. That is carried on a contract let to the lowest bidder. For many years the Adams Express Company held this contract, and received twenty-five cents for the transportation of every $1000 in greenbacks. The United States Express Company took the contract at fifteen cents a thousand five and a half years ago; and at the time the change was made it was charged that the Secretary of the Treasury had favored Mr. Tom Platt, the president of the express company, in letting the contract. It was predicted freely that Mr. Platt would be glad to give up the contract in a short time unless he could persuade the Treasury Department to increase the compensation. Mr. Platt has disappointed his critics by carrying out his part of the contract; and when the Treasury Department a year ago asked other express companies to enter into competition for the business, no one was willing to take it at the rate paid to Mr. Platt.

Of course there is no profit in carrying a single shipment of $1000 at the rate paid to the United States Express Company. The profit is in handling very large sums in one shipment. The largest haul ever made by the company was $15,000,000 taken from Washington to New York in 1889. It was in bills of very large denomination, which were contained in two wooden boxes. Though a special guard went with this shipment, the expense of the haul was not much greater than if the boxes had held $1000 each. And for this work the express company received $2250. This was a very profitable shipment. So was the shipment of seven million dollars in gold which the company once took from Philadelphia to New York. The gold shipment was taken in a special car at night under a heavy guard; and the express company took every precaution that none but its most trusted employés should know what were in the two safes loaded aboard that special car. For this shipment the express company received $3500.

The express company would have liked to have the contract for carrying the $20,000,000 shipped from San Francisco to New York a few years ago. The United States Express Company does not handle any currency or coin west of the Missouri River. If the shipment had been in territory east of the Missouri the company could have insisted on carrying it under its contract. But as it was outside the contract territory it was optional with the government to make its own arrangement for the haul. The Secretary of the Treasury asked for bids for the hauling of this vast sum, and the best rate he could obtain was $60,000, from the Wells-Fargo Express Company. Figuring the haul at 3266 miles, the regular rate for hauling the money would have been $65,320; but on so large a sum such a rate would have been absurd. The Secretary of the Treasury got ahead of the express companies by having five hundred wooden boxes of special design made, and shipping the gold across the continent by registered mail. The entire cost of the shipment was about $2500, which included the personal expenses of fifty-one guards who travelled with the treasure. There was great fear that the special train would be robbed; and, in fact, there is always danger that in the hauling of great sums of money the profits of a season's work will be wiped out by one train robbery.



ENTRANCE TO THE ASTOR LIBRARY FROM MAIN HALL.

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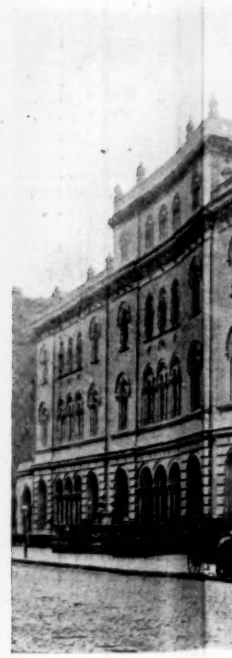
LENOX LIBRARY.

ROBERT L. STUART GALLERY, LENOX LIBRARY.



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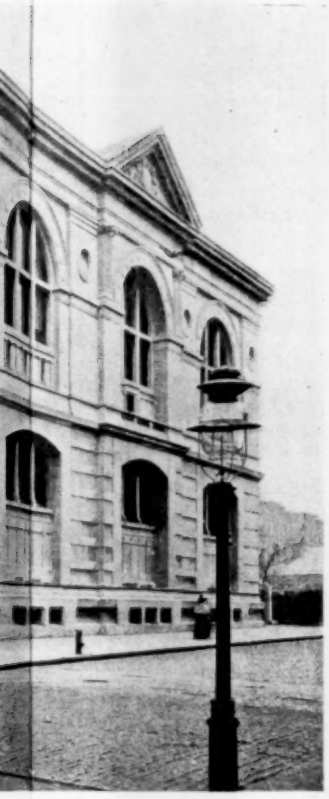

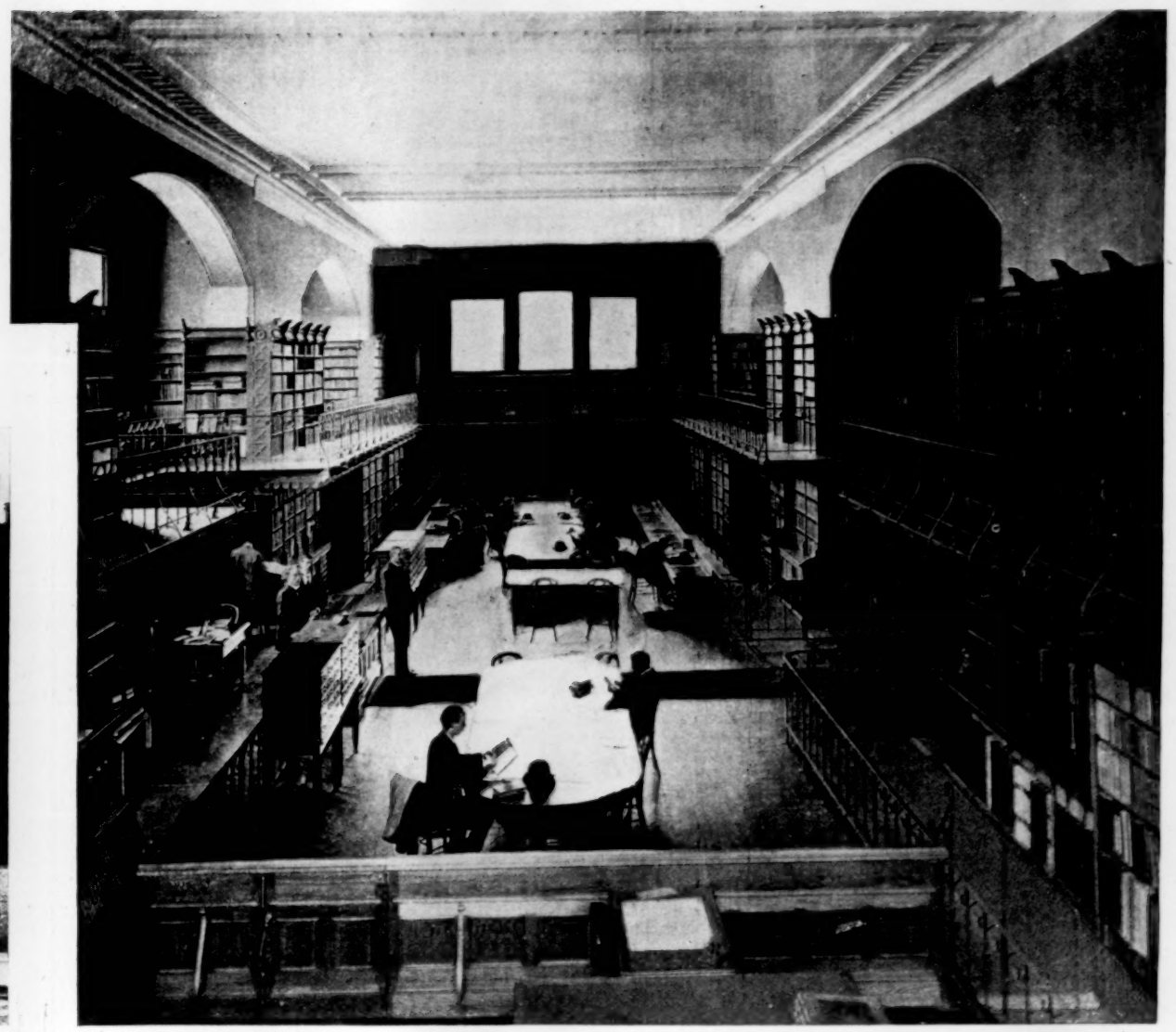

RY, LOOKING TOWARDS ASTOR PLACE.

READING-ROOM, LENOX LIBRARY.

IE "TILDEN TRUST" WILL FORM "THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY."—[See Page 273.]

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

MOROCCO.

THE railway system of northern Africa terminates at Oran on the west, and facilities for penetrating into Morocco from the side of Algiers are almost entirely wanting. The members of the commission were therefore compelled to proceed from Oran direct to Gibraltar, as the point from which they could most easily see something of Morocco, and also be ready to proceed on their journey eastward by way of Naples. They accordingly embarked at Oran on one of the steamers of the Transatlantique Company and proceeded to Gibraltar.

From Gibraltar it is a short and easy voyage to Tangier, on the opposite coast, just outside the entrance to the Mediterranean; and as nearly all the trade of Tangier, which really embraces nearly the whole foreign trade of Morocco, is with Gibraltar, there are frequent and reasonably good means of travel between the two ports. A steamer conveys passengers from Europe into Africa at this point in a very few hours, and when the weather is favorable there is no difficulty in landing at Tangier, although there is no reliable harbor, and in some winds it becomes impossible to effect a landing.

Tangier (Tanga) has a much more distinctly ancient history than either Oran or Algiers. Under the name of Tingis the place was known and occupied by the Roman legionaries, although the site of the old Roman town is not exactly that of modern Tangier, but a position on the other side of the bay, where a small river runs into the sea. Here there are the remains of a fine bridge, and other evidences of the old Roman settlement. Under the Emperor Augustus, Tingis was constituted a free city of the empire and the capital of the province of Tingitana, which embraced very nearly the territory of the present Morocco. Under the Emperor Claudius, Tingis became a Roman colony, and seems to have been a place of considerable importance, probably protected by harbor works of sufficient extent to form a safe shelter for the galleys and small vessels which at that time carried on the world's transportation by sea. It is probable that the period during which Tingis was the centre of a Roman colony was the most prosperous era in its history. On the decay of the Western Empire its African provinces were overrun by the Vandals, about the middle of the fifth century, and Tingitana, with its capital, Tingis, shared the fate of the rest. The reconquest, which took place nearly a century later, by the troops of the Byzantine Empire under Belisarius, although it got rid of the barbarous Vandal supremacy, did not restore anything like their former prosperity to the cities and districts of northern Africa. Tingis was no exception, it may be supposed, to the rule, and when, within two centuries more, the tide of Saracenic invasion swept across the African continent to the shores of the Atlantic, it put an end finally to the period of classical civilization and prosperity.

Tangier, like almost all the rest of the northern African towns, ceased to hold any communication with European nations for six or seven centuries after the Mohammedan invasion, but at the end of the fifteenth century the city and surrounding country were seized upon by Portugal during the short but brilliant period of her great naval activity. The Portuguese occupation lasted until the year 1662, when the town and district of Tangier (a very much smaller district than it had once been) were handed over to England, along with the island of Bombay, as the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II. The place was held by England for twenty-two years, until the House of Commons refused to vote any more money for its defence, and it was finally abandoned to the Moors, after the destruction of the extensive harbor works erected during the English occupation.

The city of Tangier—a panoramic view of which forms the subject of our first illustration—has never since its abandonment by England possessed any harbor properly so called. The bay is sheltered, however, from some of the most prevalent winds, and it is thus, although but an open roadstead, the best harbor on the whole coast of Morocco. The city, which contains a population of about 20,000 souls, is situated near the head of a bay, and has something of the terraced appearance which forms so picturesque a feature in the case of Algiers. The vestiges that still remain of the harbor works erected during the short English occupation two centuries ago show that it would be no difficult task to make an excellent harbor at the spot, more than sufficient for all ordinary commercial purposes, but under the existing government there is no possibility of anything so enlightened being attempted.

At present both passengers and cargo are landed and shipped upon the open beach by the primitive device of conveyance to and from boats on men's shoulders—a method which, it is needless to say, does not lend itself to expedition or comfort. In spite of its inefficient arrangements, however, the port of Tangier is by far the most attractive and accessible to Europeans in Morocco. The city is the residence of all the representatives of foreign powers in the country, and the place is besides a favorite sanatorium for officers and their families forming part of the large garrison kept by Great Britain at Gibraltar. These visitors, as well as the diplomatic corps, live for the most part at or in the neighborhood of Mount Washington, about three miles from the city, where there are many beautiful sites for residences, and where the climate is said to be exceptionally healthy.

Morocco, unlike Algiers, Oran, and even Tunis, has received no tincture of European civilization; indeed, the visitor is almost tempted to say that it has little to show of any kind of civilization at all. The snake-charmer shown in our picture is a characteristic figure, and displays great skill in the somewhat barbarous entertainment which he supplies, to the great delight of his native spectators. Fifty years of French rule in Algeria have rendered such exhibitions as this things of the past there, but in Tangier there is nothing out of keeping between the people who throng around the snake-charmer in his wildest contortions and the would-be professor of natural magic himself, nor are his cries and exclamations either louder or wilder than those of his audience.

One of the arts which we are apt to connect, perhaps too confidently, with an advanced civilization has existed, and still continues to maintain itself, in Morocco in the midst of surroundings in many respects very barbarous. The fine specimen of arabesque-work in stone which is shown in our illustration of the doorway to the custom-house at Tangier is only one specimen of an art which still lives, if it does not greatly flourish, in Morocco. The absence of the wealth, which can only exist to any considerable extent in connection with commerce and ready communication between nations, prevents the general practice of the decorative art in the country, and it is only in the palaces of the royal family and a very few of the chief people or in the mosques of Morocco that architectural work of any high degree of excellence is now to be looked for.

Our last illustration represents the public market, or "Sok," just outside the walls of Tangier. There are two market-days in each week, Sunday and Thursday, and on these the market-place is for Morocco a busy scene. The country people bring their produce for sale in open market, as the intervention of the shopkeeper is not required to any extent except for manufactured goods. The "Sok" is therefore the general emporium for fodder and provisions of all sorts, and the matters of excellence of quality on the one hand, and of price and value on the other, become the subject of individual discussion, which is frequently of an animated character. The donkey, as will be seen from our picture, is the universal bearer of burdens for market purposes, the horse being used for riding alone, and the camel for longer journeys, on which, owing to his special quality of enduring thirst, he is in Morocco, as elsewhere in the East, the universal land transport agent.

No attempt has yet been made to provide Morocco with any of the modern appliances for transport, and it would appear that in a community so entirely contented with things as they are and have been for centuries there is no inducement to attempt it. The work of substituting the steam engine for the camel and donkey as the agent of transport could only be done in Morocco, as it is now done in Algeria, by a government which would provide railways in the hope of creating a want rather than with any idea of supplying one already felt to exist. The contemplation of a community like that which may be seen twice a week at the market at Tangier leads inevitably to the reflection that speedy and easy means of transport is quite as much the result of a certain amount of civilization as it is the means by which that civilization is advanced and perpetuated. For the people of Morocco the camel and the donkey suffice, because they are not as a people sufficiently advanced in civilization to feel any wants which these slow and useful animals of transport cannot well supply. If, on the other hand, they should by any means be aroused to new ideas and the conception of new wants, civilization, having reached the point of aspiration, could only advance to a further stage with the assistance of new modes of transportation.

The population of Tangier, unlike that of the Algerian cities, is not greatly mixed. The Moor, who has occupied the country, so far as is known, since the earliest dawn of history, is still its main element. There are, however, in Tangier and the other towns of the country a considerable number of Jews, who are there, as elsewhere, the traders of the community. And there are also some negroes. The Jewish population has probably been derived, for the most part, from the refugees from Spain, when the religious persecutions of the Inquisition put an end to the long period of toleration which the race enjoyed in that country under its Moorish rulers. The negro population has probably drifted into Morocco in connection with the trade in ivory and gold-dust, which for many centuries passed into and to some extent through Morocco from the Gold Coast and the interior of Africa.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION—A NEW DEPARTURE.

SOME years have elapsed since the more intelligent section of the general public became familiar with the idea of a federated Australia—a something after the fashion of the Dominion of Canada. Indeed, the Dominion of Australia, or Australasia, was a phrase which had acquired a distinctive meaning, and there were many circumstances which encouraged the belief that what was merely a name would be a fact in the very early future. Since Canadian federation began to take shape in 1867, and more especially since the completion of that work in 1873, Australia's federation has been looming on the political horizon; and there has been a prevailing belief that by means of colonial confederation Great Britain would, at one and the same time, and by one and the same means, strengthen her position at home and magnify herself abroad. Federation in Australia, it was claimed, would be a proper sequel to federation in Canada; and federation consummated in Australia would, as a natural consequence, be followed by federation in South Africa. It is only fair to say that the prospect of Australian federation, pointing, as it seemed to do, to a great federal empire, commanded attention and created interest far beyond the limits of Australia, and even outside the bounds of the Queen's dominions. It was hardly possible for English-speaking America to be indifferent to a movement which seems to point in the not distant future to a new English-speaking United States in the far-away Southern seas, with law and religion as well as language to all intents and purposes identical with our own; and that we were not indifferent was proved in many ways, and particularly by the kindly and generous interest taken in the movement.

Somehow the early promise was not fulfilled. Not only did things not take shape with the ease and rapidity which were expected—they have not matured or taken shape at all. It was in 1885 that, by an act of the British Parliament, a federal council of Australasia was constituted to deal with matters of common interest to the various colonies which might adopt its provisions. It was not to interfere with the management of the internal affairs of the colonies by their own legislatures, but within its own limits the legislative powers of the new body were intended to be large and important. The act, however, was one which applied only to such of the colonies as might adopt its provisions through the legislative action of their own Parliaments. Here the earliest difficulty arose in the refusal of several of the colonies to adopt the act at all. New South Wales, the mother colony, and now the most populous and wealthy of the group, has refused from first to last to have anything to do with it, and it is only within the last four years that South Australia has adopted it or been represented at its meetings, while New Zealand has never even considered the question. The council, thus paralyzed, continued to meet at Hobart, but with no practical results. In 1889 Mr. Gillies, who was at the time Premier of Victoria, entered into a correspondence with Sir Henry Parkes, then Premier of New South Wales, on the subject of a scheme for the federal defence of the colonies suggested by an imperial commissioner sent out at the request of several of the colonies to advise upon the question of military defence generally for Australia. Mr. Gillies urged that such a scheme should be undertaken under the sanction of the Federal Council, and Sir Henry Parkes, in declining the suggestion on the part of New South Wales, proposed a conference of colonial ministers to consider the feasibility of calling a national convention of members nominated by the Parliaments to formulate a scheme for the federal union of the colonies of Australasia.

The suggestion was adopted, and the conference of ministers was held at Melbourne in 1890. Most of the colonies were represented at this conference, and it was agreed that the time had come for the union of the colonies of Australasia by means of a federal legislature and executive. It was further decided that the Parliament of each colony should be invited to elect delegates to represent them at the national convention to be held in Sydney in the following year, at a date to be fixed by Mr. Gillies, as chairman of the conference. The various colonies responded to the invitation, and all, including Fiji, were represented at the convention, which met, under the presidency of Sir Henry Parkes, in March, 1891. After much discussion, a draft bill was prepared and adopted by a large majority of the convention, and it was then agreed that it should be laid before the various colonial Parliaments for their approval, after which it should be again dealt with by the convention, which should then be summoned for its final consideration. At this point the scheme broke down. Upon the reference of the draft constitution to the Parliaments one and all insisted that it became their duty, as it was their right, to criticise its provisions, and to make such amendments as appeared to be required in its details to suit the views of their own colonies. Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania actually went through the draft act and amended it; Queensland and New South Wales began but never completed the work; and New Zealand and Western Australia never attempted it. Thus the preliminary step to the final session of the national convention was never taken, and the matter lapsed. The real cause of the failure was that the movement was premature. Very few of the colonists really cared about, while very many disliked, the idea of a federal union of the colonies. Had the people been asked to vote upon the question at that time, there can be little doubt that they would have treated it as the colonial Parliaments did—as scarcely worthy of serious consideration.

Such was the situation in 1893. It had become fully apparent not only that the attempt of 1891 had failed, but that its failure was caused by a want of popular sympathy with the movement, which, those who were its enthusiastic supporters believed—and these, though a small, were both an able and an influential party—arose from ignorance as to the true meaning and probable results of the movement. To remedy this state of things has been their object ever since, and no pains have been spared in the effort. How far the result has answered expectation the approaching appeal to the Parliaments and people of the various colonies can alone determine.

The more ardent supporters, therefore, of the federation movement, especially those in the leading colonies of Victoria and New South Wales, combined to bring about the formation of an Australasian Federation League, and drew up a programme. One of its principal features was the substitution of a popular for a Parliamentary sanction to the proposed change in the constitution. The conference of Premiers at Hobart, of which we have just had the full particulars, endorses, so far as the last point—the popular rather than the Parliamentary sanction—is concerned, the action of what is known as the Bendigo Committee. It is in connection with this Hobart conference held last month that the latest phase of Australian federation is presented. Since 1891 all life, so far as public appearances went, seemed to have gone out of the movement. So far as outward indications went, it was dead. It was not dead, however, and, as the reader will soon discover, it was about to surprise the world by new and more vigorous manifestations of life.

The Hobart conference, which was composed of the Premiers only, has given a new aspect to the entire situation. The deliberations took a decidedly practical turn, and the decisions were embodied in the following resolutions: that the conference regards federation as the great and pressing question in Australasian politics; that a convention consisting of ten representatives of each colony be directly chosen by the electors, and charged with the duty of framing a federal constitution; that the constitution so framed be submitted to the electors for acceptance or rejection by direct vote; that such constitution, if accepted by three or more colonies, be submitted to the Queen by an address from the Parliaments of these colonies, praying for the necessary legislative enactment; and that a bill be submitted to the Parliament of each colony for the purpose of giving effect to the foregoing resolutions. It was further provided that two of their number, Messrs. Turner and Kingston, should draft this bill for submission to the conference. The bill which was drawn up is entitled the "Australasian Federation Enabling Act," and provides that a convention to frame the federal constitution shall be formed of ten representatives of each colony, elected on the Legislative Assembly franchise; that when a constitution has been framed the convention shall adjourn for not more than two months to permit of its being criticised; and that after it has been adopted by the convention, it shall be referred to the direct vote of the electorate for acceptance or rejection.

There are two things specially noticeable about this latest federation arrangement. It provides for prompt

action. The Enabling Act means that there is to be no delay, either in the election of the men who are to frame the constitution or at any subsequent step in the process of the work. As soon as the constitution is framed and submitted to the convention said convention shall adjourn, but for not more than two months. The subsequent steps—the submission to the electorate and the transmission of the new constitution for the approval of the Queen—will not, it is believed, consume a large amount of time. It is to be borne in mind, also, that in the framing of the new constitution those intrusted with the work will have the advantage of entering upon other men's labors. The convention draft of 1891 will serve as a useful basis. The whole affair, it will thus be seen, has a businesslike aspect. The other feature of the arrangement is its non-Parliamentary character. If the final result is to be federation, it will be the people's doing. The entire arrangement, in fact, takes the form of a sort of qualified *plébiscite*. At one point only—but that point is vital—is Parliament required to interpose its authority. The Enabling Act cannot, of course, take effect unless it obtains the approval of the legislative bodies of the different colonies, and until the Enabling Act becomes law no action can be taken. It does not appear, however, that the opposition of the Parliaments is expected. The Enabling Act passed, there is a reasonable presumption that the present federation movement will be attended with success in the case of some, at least, of the colonies, and that at no distant day.

Looked at from a non-partisan stand-point, there can be no two opinions as to the desirability of Australian federation. From a British stand-point, one would say it was in the last degree desirable; and the Australian Premiers ought to know what they mean when they say "federation is the great and pressing question in Australasian politics." Promising as the situation seems to be, it would be strange if no difficulties were to be encountered in carrying out the federation scheme. Reference has already been made to the obstacles which may arise in connection with the tariff. The Australian colonies are not all of one mind on the subject of free trade and protection. There are also between colony and colony jealousies which are not to be despised. Sir Henry Parkes, the parent of the convention bill of 1891, is not pleased with the method which has been followed in the present instance. He thinks that the bill of 1891 must be finally and substantially adopted. A constitution worthy of the name, he says, cannot be framed by men who have never once formed a true conception of what federation is. He would have the work done by the Parliaments, and not by the electors. The objection is not logical; for the framers of the constitution are to be chosen by the same electorate which sends men to Parliament.

It will be interesting to watch the progress of the movement—all the more interesting that, if successful, the example will soon be followed in South Africa, and that it will hasten the experiment of British imperial federation, when radical changes in the ancient constitution of England will be imperatively called for. Not every one sees the Australian movement in the same light. A leading French journal somewhat sardonically remarks: "The outlines of the United States of Australia are already discernible. It will be an immense success for the advocates of Imperialism and the one and undivided empire. By the irony of fate, it will at the same time be the first step, and a great one, in the direction of the disintegration of that empire, and the foundation of great independent states on the model of the United States." The Frenchman here reveals an *animus;* but in spite of his evident dislike of England, he pays her a compliment. It is something to be the Mother of "great independent states" like the United States.

WINTER ENTERTAINING IN THE COUNTRY.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

A WINTER STROLL, TUXEDO.

WITH the evolution of the American Country Club has come the development of midwinter entertaining in the country in a manner that a few years ago would have been quite unusual, to say the least.

Perhaps this is a happy tendency toward a better enjoyment of the good things of life, which so many of the dwellers in cities, in the elbowing crush of every-day existence seem to miss altogether.

The country place in America that we have been most familiar with is either a camp or a "shingle palace," where a few months of the summer are spent in delightful revelling, and where, in true holiday style, enough vitality is stored up to carry one fairly through a winter season in town. In summer, with the broad piazzas all awnings, and crowded with lounging-chairs and hammocks, we have a picture of ease, comfort, and delight; but with the falling leaves the house closes as if afraid of a frost-pinch, the owner takes in the awnings and the wicker-work, nails up everything, and departs.

In winter the average American country house is as cheerless as a snow-drifted tomb, and the idea of opening it for a few days of jollity would have been quite preposterous some years ago.

But we are building better houses nowadays—country homes that do not have to be closed with hammer and nails, that unlock with a key, and can be warmed in cold weather.

By foreign writers we are regarded as an interesting (and quite hospitable) people who live on the run, and do things that would undermine the health of a European nation in a single decade. With the disregard of the observer—who does not mind the toes he treads on—the writer from abroad shows up many little points of ours which we promptly, and often most unfairly, deny possessing. He says we have no leisure class—which is true; that we take little or no care of our health; that we eat things too hot or drink them too cold; that our pleasures are serious things; that we make work of our enjoyments; and that our wealthy people have to go to older countries to learn how to exist under their possibly new conditions.

Now in all these matters we are improving; our civilization is quite as old as the country from which we came, our customs and manners are the outgrowth of necessity and surroundings, but our environment is changing, and with it we are changing also. We have more time to spend. It is foolish to deny that the pioneering period of our ancestors has left its trace in our energy, dislike of absolute indolence, and our adaptability of temperament.

Although our family portraits may date back to periwigs and patches, we have no descendants among us of long lines of American leisurists. The last do not exist. The days of the sudden making of great fortunes—the days of from twenty to fifty years ago—are past also. We are learning to reap the benefits; we are learning to enjoy ourselves better; and in no way is this shown more plainly than in our tendency to spend time out-of-doors and in healthy open-air sport. The great athletic clubs with their country houses, the boating clubs, the yachting, shooting, fishing, and hunting organizations, the country clubs, the inhabitable country homes of the wealthy, are new, or of late growth at least. And that most sensible entertainment, the winter house party, is an encouraging sign of development. Even here conditions exist that are peculiar to us, and the young man who has to take the early train to his work after his short vacation sits up quite as late the night before he leaves as the young man who does not work and has cultivated a taste for sleeping most of the morning. If I were a foreign writer I might say something here of the unselfishness of the American man which might perhaps provoke discussion.

Our metropolitan social life is formed of rings within rings, and although some of the inner circles may show some of the traces of imitation, our politeness is from the heart, and our courtesy is true and spontaneous. The delightful equality and—what shall one call it?—good-fellowship that exist between our young men and young women are responsible, no doubt, for a great deal of the enjoyment (felt on both sides) of the winter house party, whether it be given at a country club or under the care of host and hostess beneath their own roof-tree.

Not so very many years ago the idea of leaving town for "New-Year's day" would have been considered extraordinary. Much as we may laugh at the old fashion of rather promiscuous calling on the 1st of January, the custom long survived the period of flounce and crinoline (which was quite laughable, we must confess), and the basketful of "visiting-cards" attached by a ribbon to the door-

TOBOGGANING, LENOX.

THE BALL-ROOM, TUXEDO.

knob is fresh in the minds of the youngest of us. Illuminations and evening dress in the late afternoon were quite in order, and the hostess who provided the best egg-nog was the most popular.

Gradually there came a change, and now there is a new order of things. There is more or less of an exodus from the city about New-Year's time. Houses are opened at Tuxedo, out on Long Island, up the Hudson, everywhere; even the farther Berkshires teem with visitors from town. The hotels are crowded, and rooms have to be engaged weeks ahead at places where there is chance for winter sport. Country relations become popular, and old homesteads are invaded by town folks; for a healthy contagion spreads quite rapidly, and these happy excursions are not confined to any one special occasion; they go on the winter through. Large parties are made up to visit the winter carnivals of Canada. Sensible breaks are made in a winter town season, that is often tiresome, or trying, to say the least.

In New York city the small number of sleighs seen the last few seasons in the Park and on the Avenue has been remarked. Compared with the numbers seen six or seven years ago they are few indeed, and the reason is obvious. People who own sleighs keep them in the country, and there they go to enjoy the delights of winter driving. Ice-boating long ago became popular on the Hudson, but now there are ice-boats wherever there is a sheet of frozen water big enough to manœuvre one on, and good skating not only crowds the ponds in Central Park, but crowds the suburban railway trains as well. It would be foolish to declare that this tendency to open-air enjoyment and healthy sport is new; it is not; but the fact that it is becoming more and more general is to be noted.

But to the winter house party, that generally lasts a week or so, the novelty does not wear off in those few days; there is a spirit of adventure, a tendency to enjoy each single minute, that one does not feel in a short summer's outing. The sunny weather seems even more tempting in winter, when snow and ice are abundant, than in summer, with all its greens and warmth. There is an exhilaration that accompanies it; from the time one gets up in the morning until bedtime the hours go quickly. As if it were a relief from the environments of town, the enjoyment is taken the way school-children take a recess; one feels as if the time was going to be too short.

The girls coast with the men, and help haul up the sleds or the toboggans to the hill-top; they skate and snow-shoe; and that survival of the husking-bee and quilting party, the "straw ride," comes again, with its jingling bells and its creaking four-horse sleigh. Although a few nights before they might have been talking in a corner of the ball-room at Sherry's, these same girls chatter through a long moonlight drive and sing choruses as if they had never lived outside of the sound of the bell in the village church steeple. Oh, the fun of the impromptu theatricals and the cotillons in the big music-rooms—every house has its big room now; the story-telling evenings while sitting about the huge fireplaces, with every face still tingling from the frost of the day's outing; the laughter and merriment that are so hearty and unconstrained! Some people develop wonderful capacities as entertainers. I remember one dignified foreigner, who occupies an important post at Washington, saying, "I nevarre knew I could be so foonie. But," he added, "that I could make you laugh makes me feel happy." The quietest man develops into a comedian of the first class. The belle of three seasons enjoys the impromptu cotillon, even after a six-mile tramp through the snow in much the same degree that the débutante enjoys a Junior Prom. at New Haven.

When the party breaks up for the night the girls troop off to their wing of the house, some one starts up "The Soldier's Farewell," perhaps, and the men go to the smoking-room and click the billiard balls, until one by one they seek their rooms in the bachelors' quarters, tired and sleepy. No business cares can last in such an atmosphere as this. No matter if in a day or so they are at their offices, bending over their desks, or even, for that matter, looking out of their club windows, they are better all the way through. As for the American girl in a winter house party, she fairly blossoms—her wonderful adaptability, her capacity for companionship, her independence, her delightful self. Truly is the American man blessed beyond measure, and midwinter entertainment in the country is one way to show it. We have many things in our present life that we wonder how we got along without.

JAMES BARNES.

THE GATEWAY, TUXEDO.

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DUEL.

IT may be imagined how all this weighed me down—with what misgivings I looked along the table, from the pale, pinched features of the lawyer to the smug grin of the grocer or to Buton's coarse face; with what sinkings of heart I found myself on a sudden the equal of these men, addressed now with rude abruptness and now with servility; last, but not least, with what despondency I listened to the wrangling which followed, and which it needed all the exertions of the Captain to control. Fortunately the sitting did not last long. After half an hour of debate and altercation, during which I did what I could to aid the few who knew anything of business, the meeting broke up, and while some went out on various missions, others remained to deal with such affairs as arose.

I was one of those to stay, and I drew Father Benoît into a corner, and hiding for a moment the feeling of despair which possessed me, I asked him if any farther outbreaks had occurred in the country road.

"No," he answered, secretly pressing my hand. "We have done so much good, I think." Then, in a different tone, which showed how clearly he read my mind, he continued, under his breath: "Ah, M. le Vicomte, let us only keep the peace! Let us do what lies to our hands. Let us protect the innocent, and then no matter what happens. I foresee more than I predicted. More than I dreamed of is in peril. Let us only, then, cling to—"

He stopped and turned, startled by the noisy entrance of the Captain, who came in so abruptly that those who remained at the table sprang to their feet. M. Hugues's face was flushed; his eyes were gleaming with anger. The lawyer, who was nearest to the door, turned a shade paler, and stammered out a question. But the Captain passed by him with a glance of contempt, and came straight to me. "M. le Vicomte," he said out loud, blurting out his words in a fury, "you are a gentleman. You will understand me. I want your help."

I stared at him. "Willingly," I said, "but what is it?"

"I have been insulted!" he answered, his mustaches curling.

"How?"

"In the street! In the street by one of those puppies! But I will teach him manners. I am a soldier, and I—"

"But, M. le Capitaine," I said, really taken aback, "I understood that there was to be no fighting, and that you in particular—"

"Tut! tut!"

"—would be caned before you would go out?"

"Mon Dieu!" he answered, "do you think that I am not a gentleman because I have served in America instead of in France?"

"No," I said, scarcely able to restrain a smile. "But it is playing into their hands—so you said yourself, and—"

"Will you help me, or will you not, sir," he replied. And then, as the lawyer tried to intervene, "Be silent, you!" he continued, turning on him so violently that the scrivener jumped back a pace. "What do you know of these things? You miserable pettifogger, you—"

"Softly, softly, M. le Capitaine," I said, startled by this outbreak, and by the prospect of farther brawling which it disclosed. "M. l'Avoué is doing merely his duty in remonstrating. He is in the right, and—"

"I have nothing to do with him. And you will not assist me?"

"I did not say that."

"Then, if you will, I crave your service at once," he said, more calmly; but he still kept his shoulder to the lawyer. "I have appointed a meeting behind the Cathedral. If you will honor me, I must ask you to do so immediately."

For answer I took up my hat—I saw that it was useless to say more—and in a moment we were moving towards the door. The lawyer, the grocer, half a dozen, cried out on us, and would have stopped us. But Father Benoît remained silent, and I went on down the stairs and out of the house.

It appeared that the quarrel and insult had had spectators, for a gloomy crowd, not compact, but made up of watching groups, filled all the sunny open part of the square. The pavement, on the other hand, along which we had to pass to go to the Cathedral, had for its only occupants a score or thirty gentlemen, who, wearing white cockades, walked up and down in threes and fours. The crowd eyed them silently; they affected to see nothing of the crowd. Instead they talked and smiled carelessly, with half-opened eyes, swung their canes, and now and then stopped to exchange a word or a pinch of snuff. They wore an air of insolence, ill-hidden; the silent, almost cowed looks of the multitude, as it watched them askance, seemed to justify it.

We had to run the gantlet of these, and my face burned with shame. Many of the men I had met two days before at Madame de St. Alais's, where they had seen me put on the white cockade; they saw me now in the opposite camp; they knew nothing of my reasons, and I read in their averted eyes and curling lips what they thought of the change. Others—and they looked at us insolently, and scarcely gave me room to pass—were strangers, wearing military swords and the cross of St. Louis.

Fortunately the passage was as short as it was painful. We passed under the north wall of the Cathedral, and through a little door into a garden, where trees tempered the glare of the sun, and the town with its crowd and noise seemed to be in a moment left behind. On the right rose the walls of the apse and the heavy eastern domes of the Cathedral; in front were the ramparts; on the left an old half-ruined tower of the fourteenth century raised a frowning ivy-covered head. In the shadow at its foot, on a piece of smooth sward, a group of four persons was standing waiting for us. One was M. de St. Alais; one was Louis; the others were strangers. A sudden thought chilled me. "Whom are you going to fight?" I muttered.

"M. de St. Alais," the Captain answered, in the same tone. And being within ear-shot of the others, I could say no more. They stepped forward and saluted us.

"M. le Vicomte?" Louis said. He was grave and stern. I scarcely knew him.

I assented mechanically, and we stepped each from the others. "This is not a case that admits of intervention, I believe?" he said.

"I suppose not," I answered, huskily.

In truth, I could scarcely speak for horror. I was waking slowly to the consciousness of the dilemma in which I had placed myself. Were St. Alais to fall by the Captain's sword, what would his sister say to me; what would she think of me; how would she ever touch my hand? And yet, could I wish ill to my own principal? Could I do so in honor, even if something sturdy and practical, something of plain gallantry in the man, had not already and insensibly won my heart?

Yet one of the two must fall. The great clock above my head, slowly striking the hour of noon, beat the truth into my brain. For a moment I grew dizzy; the sun dazzled me; the trees reeled before me; the garden swam. The murmur of the crowd filled my ears. Then out of the mist Louis's voice, unnaturally steady, gripped my attention, and my brain grew clear again.

"Have you any objection to this spot?" he asked. "The grass is dry and not slippery. They will fight in shadow, and the light is good."

"It will do," I said.

"Perhaps you will examine it? There is, I think, no trip or fault."

I affected to do so. "I find none," I said, hoarsely.

"Then we had better place our men?"

"I think so."

I had no knowledge of the skill of either combatant, but as I turned to join Hugues I was startled by the contrast which the two presented as they stood a little apart, their upper clothes removed. The Captain was the shorter by a head, and stiff and sturdy, with a clear eye and keen visage. M. le Marquis, on the other hand, was tall and lithe, and long in the arm, with a reach which threatened danger, and a smile almost as deadly. I thought that if his skill and coolness were on a par with his natural gifts, M. Hugues—but then again my head reeled. What did I wish?

"We are ready," M. Louis said, impatiently—and I noticed that he glanced past me towards the gate of the garden. "Will you measure the swords, M. Le Vicomte?"

I complied, and was about to place my man, when M. le Capitaine indicated by a sign that he wished to speak to me; and disregarding the frowns of the other side, I led him apart.

His face had lost the glow of passion which had animated it a few minutes before, and was pale and stern. "This is a fool's trick," he said, curtly, under his breath. "It will serve me right if that puppy goes through me. You will do me a favor, M. le Vicomte?"

I muttered that I would do him any in my power.

"I borrowed a thousand francs to fit myself out for this service," he continued, avoiding my eye. "From a man in Paris, whose name you will find in my valise at the inn, should anything happen to me, I should be glad if you would send him what is left. That is all."

"'FOUL PLAY!' HE CRIED, PASSIONATELY. 'A STROKE *DESSOUS!*'"

"He shall be paid in full," I said. "I will see to it."

He wrung my hand and went to his station; and Louis and I placed ourselves on either side of the two, ready, with our swords drawn, to interfere should need arise. The signal was given, the principals saluted, and fell on guard, and in a moment the grinding and clicking of the blades began, while the pigeons of the Cathedral flew in eddies above us, and in the middle of the garden a little fountain tinkled softly in the sunshine.

They had not engaged an instant before the great diversity of their styles became apparent. While Hugues played vigorously with his body, stooping and moving and stepping aside, but keeping his arm stiff, and used his wrist much, M. le Marquis held his body erect and still, but moved his arm; and fencing with a school correctness, as if he held a foil, disdained all artifices save those of the weapon. It was clear that he was the better fencer, and that of the two the Captain must tire first, since he was never still, and the wrist is more quickly fatigued than the arm; but in addition to this I soon perceived that the Marquis was not putting forth his full strength, but, depending on his defence, was waiting to tire out his opponent.

My eyes grew hot, my throat dry, as I watched breathlessly, waiting for the stroke that must finish all—waiting

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and flinching. And then on a sudden something happened. The Captain seemed to slip, yet did not slip, but in a moment, stooping almost prone, his left hand on the ground, was under the other's guard. His point was at the Marquis's breast, when the latter sprang back—sprang back, and just saved himself! Before the Captain could recover, Louis dashed his sword aside.

"Foul play!" he cried, passionately. "Foul play! A stroke *dessous!* It is not *en règle*."

The Captain stood breathing quickly, his point to the ground. "But why not, monsieur?" he said. Then he looked at me.

"I scarcely understand, M. de St. Alais," I said, stiffly. "The stroke—"

"Is not allowed."

"In the schools," I said. "But this is a duel."

"I have never seen it used in a duel," he said.

"No matter," I answered, warmly. "To interfere on such provocation is absurd."

"Monsieur!"

"Is absurd!" I repeated, firmly. "After such treatment I have no resource but to withdraw M. le Capitaine."

"Perhaps you will take his place?" some one behind me said, in a sneering tone.

I turned sharply. One of the two persons whom we had found with St. Alais was the speaker. I saluted him. "The surgeon?" I said.

"No, M. le Vicomte," he answered, angrily. "I am M. du Marc, and very much at your service."

"But not a second!" I rejoined. "And therefore you have no right to be standing where you are, nor to be here. I must request you to withdraw."

"I have at least as much right as those!" he answered, pointing to the roof of the cathedral, over the battlements of which a number of heads could be seen peering down at us.

I stared.

"Our friends have at least as much right as yours," he said, taunting me.

"But they do not interfere," I answered, firmly. "Nor shall you. I request you to withdraw."

He still refused, however, and tried to bluster; but this proved too much for Louis's stomach; he intervened sharply, and at a word from him the bully shrugged his shoulders and moved away. Then we four looked at one another.

"We had better proceed," the Captain said, bluntly. "If the stroke was irregular, this gentleman was right to interfere. If not—"

"I am willing," M. de St. Alais said.

And in a moment the two fell on guard and to it again, but more fiercely now, and with less caution, the Captain more than once using a rough sweeping parry, in greater favor with practical fighters than in the fencing-school. This, though it left him exposed to a riposte, seemed to disconcert M. le Marquis, who fenced, I thought, less skilfully than before, and more than once seemed to be flurried by the Captain's attack. I began to feel doubtful of the result; my heart beat more quickly; the glitter of the blades as they slid up and down one another confused my sight. I looked for one moment across them at Louis; and in that moment the end came. M. le Capitaine used again his sweeping parry, but this time the circle was too wide; St. Alais's blade darted serpentlike under his. The Captain staggered back. His sword dropped from his hand.

Before he could fall I caught him in my arms, but blood was gushing already from a wound in the side of his neck. He just turned his eyes on my face, and tried once to speak. I caught the words "You will—," and then blood choked his voice; his eyes slowly closed. He was dead, or as good as dead, before the surgeon could reach him, before I could lay him on the grass.

I knelt a moment beside him, absolutely stunned, watching in a kind of fascination the surgeon feeling pulse and heart, and striving with his thumb to stop the bleeding. For a moment or two my world was reduced to the sinking gray face, the quivering eyelids before me, and I saw nothing, heeded nothing, thought of nothing else. I could not believe that the valiant spirit had fled already; that the stout man who had insensibly won my liking was, in this moment, *dead*—dead and growing livid, while the pigeons still circled overhead, and the sparrows chirped, and the fountain tinkled in the sunshine.

I cried out in my agony. "Not dead, man?" I said. "Not dead so soon?"

"Yes, M. le Vicomte; it was bad luck," the surgeon answered, letting the passive head fall on the stained grass. "With such a wound nothing could be done."

He rose as he spoke, but I remained on my knees, wrapt and absorbed, staring at the glazing eyes that a few minutes before had been so full of life and keenness. Then, with a shudder, I turned my look on myself. His blood covered me; it was on my breast, my arm, my hands, soaking into my coat. Thence my thoughts turned naturally to St. Alais; and at the moment, as I looked instinctively round to see where he was or if he had gone, I started. The deep boom of a heavy bell tolled once, shook the air; and while its solemn burden still hung mournfully on the ear, quick footsteps ran towards me, and I heard a harsh voice cry at my elbow: "But, *mon Dieu*, this is murder! They are murdering us!"

I looked behind me. The speaker was Du Marc, the bully who had vainly tried to provoke me. The two St. Alais and the surgeon were with him; and all four came from the direction of the door by which we had entered. They passed me with averted eyes, and hurried towards a little postern which flanked the old tower and opened on the ramparts. As they went out of sight behind a buttress that intervened, the bell boomed out again above my head, its dull note full of menace.

Then I awoke and understood—understood that the noise which filled my ears was not the burden of the bell carried on from one deep stroke to another, but the roar of angry voices in the square, the babel of an approaching crowd crying: "À la Lanterne! À la Lanterne!" From the battlements of the Cathedral, from the louvres of the domes, from every window of the great gloomy structure that frowned above me, men were making signs, and pointing with their hands, and brandishing their fists; at me, I thought at first, or at the body at my feet. But then I heard footsteps again, and turned and found the other four behind me, close to me; the two St. Alais pale and stern, with bright eyes; the bully pale too, but with a look which shot furtively here and there, and white lips.

"Curse them, they are at that door too!" he cried. "We are beset. We shall be murdered. By God, we shall be murdered, and by these canaille! By these—I call all here to witness that it was a fair fight! I call you to witness, M. le Vicomte, that—"

"It will help us much," St. Alais said, with a sneer, "if he does! If I were once at home—"

"Ay, but how are we to get there?" Du Marc cried. He could not hide his terror. "Do you know," he continued, querulously, "that we shall be murdered? Is there no other door? Speak, some one. Speak!"

His fears appealed to me in vain. I would scarcely have stirred a finger to save him. But the sight of the two St. Alais standing there pale and irresolute, while that roar of voices grew each moment louder and nearer, moved me. A moment and the mob would break in; perhaps, finding us by Hugues's side, it might in its fury sacrifice all indifferently. It might; and then I heard, to give point to the thought, the crash of one of the doors of the garden as it gave way, and I cried out that there was another door—another door, if it was open. I did not look to see if they followed, but I ran across the sward towards the wall of the Cathedral.

The crowd were already pouring into the garden, but a clump of shrubs hid us from them as we fled, and we gained unseen a little door, a low-browed postern in the wall of the apse, that led, I knew—for not long before I had conducted an English visitor over the Cathedral—to a sacristy connected with the crypt. My hope of finding the door open was slight; if I had stopped to weigh the chances I should have thought them desperate. But, to my joy, as I came up to it, closely followed by the others, it opened of itself, and a priest, showing his tonsured head in the aperture, beckoned to us to hasten. He had little need to do so; in a moment we had obeyed, were by his side, and, panting, heard the bolts shoot home behind us.

Then we breathed again. We stood in the twilight of a long narrow room with walls and roofs of stone, and three loopholes for windows. Du Marc was the first to speak. "Mon Dieu! that was close," he said, wiping his brow. "We are—"

"Not out of the wood yet," the surgeon answered, gravely, "though we have good grounds for thanking M. le Vicomte. They have discovered us. They are coming!"

Probably the people on the roof had watched us in, and denounced our place of refuge; for as he spoke we heard a rush of feet, the door shook under a storm of blows, and a score of grimy savage faces showed at the slender arrow-slits, and glaring down, howled and spat curses upon us. Luckily the door was of oak, studded and plated with iron, fashioned in old rough days for such an emergency, and we stood comparatively safe. Yet it was terrible to hear the cries of the mob; to feel them so close; to gauge, while they beat on the stone as though they would tear the walls with their naked hands, what it would be to fall into their power!

We looked at one another, and it may have been the dim light, but I saw no face that was not pale. Fortunately the pause was short. The curate who had admitted us unlocked, as quickly as he could, an inner door. "This way," he said—but the snarling of the beasts outside almost drowned his voice; "if you will follow me I will let you out by the south entrance. But be quick, gentlemen," he continued, trembling, "or they may guess what we are about and be there before us."

It may be imagined that we lost no time. We followed him as quickly as we could along a narrow subterranean passage, very dimly lit, at the end of which a flight of six steps brought us into a second passage. We almost ran along this, and though a locked door delayed us a moment, which seemed a minute, the key was found and the door opened. We passed through it, and found ourselves in a long narrow room, the counterpart of that which we had first entered. The curate opened the farther door of this. I looked out. The alley outside, the same which led beside the Cathedral to the Chapter House, was empty.

"We are in time," I said, with a sigh of relief; it was pleasant to breathe the fresh air again. And I turned, still panting with the haste we had made, to thank the good curate who had saved us.

M. de St. Alais, who followed me and had kept silence throughout, thanked him also. This done, M. le Marquis stood hesitating on the threshold, while I looked to see him hurry away. At last he turned to me. "M. de Saux," he said, speaking with less aplomb than was usual with him—but we were all agitated—"I should thank you also. But perhaps the situation in which we stand towards one another—"

"I think nothing of that," I answered, harshly. "But that in which we have just stood—"

"Ah!" he rejoined, shrugging his shoulders, "if you take it that way—"

"I do take it that way!" I answered; the Captain's blood was not yet dry on the man's sword, and he spoke to me like this—"I do take it that way. And I warn you, M. le Marquis," I continued, sternly, "that if you pursue your plan farther—a plan that has already cost one brave man his life—it will recoil on yourselves, and that most terribly!"

"At least I shall not ask you to shield me," he answered, proudly. And he walked away carelessly, sheathing his sword as he went. The passage was still empty. There was no one to stop him.

Louis followed him; Du Marc and the surgeon had already disappeared. I fancied that as Louis passed me he hung a moment on his heel; that he would have spoken to me, would have caught my eye, would have taken my hand had I given him an opening. But I saw before me Hugues's dead face and sunken eyes, and I set my own face like a stone and turned away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION!"

"CLEAR ship for action and be handy, oh!" say the words of the old song, in which Jack still sings of the glorious victory of the *Constitution* over the *Guerrière* in the old '12 war, and a veritable clearing ship it is, when the trumpet's harsh notes or the sharp rattle of drum, mingling with the shrill whistles and rough voices of the boatswain's mates and the noisy clanging of the electric gongs, call the crew to "general quarters." Hard work and brisk work it is, stirring and exciting even in piping peace times, and the decks throb with the rush of hurrying feet, as the men, swarming up out of the hatches, hasten to their stations. The gun crews cast loose the great guns, the murderous rapid-fire and revolving cannon, hastily donning equipments, filling sponge buckets, and, in many cases, stripping themselves of all superfluous clothing, laying bare brawny torsos, often tattooed all over with devices dear to the heart of man-o'-war Jack. Hatches are covered, hose laid and pumps rigged, ladders torn away, and the decks turned topsy-turvy in the twinkling of an eye. Rifles, cutlasses, and revolvers are served out from the armory, the marine guard falls in, and topmen scramble nimbly aloft to secure anything which, hit by an enemy's shot, might fall and injure those on deck below. Down come the rails; out come davits and awning stanchions; everything movable—lockers, chain, anything and everything that might interfere with the work of battle—is stowed away or secured. The magazines are opened, and stewards, ward-room boys, cooks, and yeomen rig the tackle over the ammunition hatches ready to hoist shot and shell for the guns, while the water-tight doors are closed and bilge pumps made ready for use in case of a blow below the water-line. The doctor and his assistants prepare for their work of succor for the wounded—lint, bandages, anæsthetics, and all the dread paraphernalia of surgery are laid out in the sick-bay, most inconveniently situated 'way forward in the very eyes of the ship, there having been seemingly but little attention paid by the designers of our new ships to improvement in quarters for the sick. On the *New York*, for instance, when she cleared for action in Rio Harbor last year, a temporary operating-room was improvised in the ward-room. Below, in the officers' mess-rooms, tables and chairs are hastily laid aside, if, as is usually the case, entrance to a magazine is required, and even the captain's sacred cabin is invaded "on the jump" by the crews of the after-guns there.

The order to clear ship for action may come at any hour of the day or night, and a well-drilled crew will put a ship in fighting trim in an incredibly short space of time. Order rises from a semblance of chaos, and silence reigns fore and aft, broken only by the short official reports of the divisional officers, and the steady, measured throbbing of the great engines down in the depths of the ship.

RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Tacoma complaining that due credit has not been given that place for keeping warm during the February blizzard, when even Florida caught cold. She says that on New York's coldest day the thermometer at Tacoma registered 56°, and that it has not been colder there than 25° at any time this winter. She writes of crocuses, daisies, and violets, and of the thankfulness of the Puget Sound people that they live just where they do. A great many Americans who left their homes this winter in search of weather have been disappointed. Men who went to England to hunt were baffled by three feet of frost in the ground. People who went to the Riviera were chilled, and moved on to Rome. If Puget Sound has due grounds for bragging of its climate this year, it enjoys a distinction that is almost unique, and that would almost warrant it in building a new hotel.

Mr. Godkin is in favor of having Mr. Dana tried in Washington, and recalls that when he himself was last tried he went all the way to Buffalo to accommodate justice. It is to be feared that his example will be lost on Mr. Dana. There is small hope that he and Mr. Godkin will ever learn to see things with a single eye. Besides, Mr. Dana has an inveterate old-time prejudice against going to Washington for the convenience of any one except himself, and the press seems generally of the opinion that this disinclination on his part is founded on a sound and laudable discretion, and that he should be supported in it.

The transfer of the services of Mr. George W. Smalley from the New York *Tribune* to the London *Times* is a piece of news that approaches the dimensions of an event. The transfer will be complete on June 1st, when Mr. Smalley, domiciled once more in his own country and resident in New York, will begin work as the *Times'* correspondent. As reasons for the change Mr. Smalley mentions his desire to end his long exile and come home to stay, and his conviction that his experience in London has taught him how American life ought to be represented in order to interest the British public.

Mr. Smalley has never failed to interest American readers by his representations of British life. He has not always pleased them; on the contrary, he has often displeased them by his inability to take their views of English politics; but even in their displeasure they have been interested in a high degree by his communications. During his long residence in London he has come to know pretty much every one worth knowing, and has managed to see most of what was worth seeing, and he has written with uncommon liveliness and acumen both of people and events. He has few equals anywhere as a correspondent, and the *Times* is to be congratulated on having him as its representative in this country. For many years the *Times* has been used to get its American news from Philadelphia. Without disparagement to the most respectable of American cities, it may be said that the natural residence of the American correspondent of a London newspaper is New York. In Mr. Smalley the *Times* will have an able representative, and one who knows what it wants and is in sympathy with its sentiments. It may be added that Mr. Smalley's letters will excite much interest in this country as well as abroad.

A pretty little illustrated pamphlet, called "Safety in Travel," tells all about the work of the railroad department of the Y.M.C.A. on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Its issue as an advertisement by the passenger department of the road is due to the belief of the department that its patrons will feel safer on their travels if they know in what sort of places the railroad employés spend their spare time. The General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. seems fully justified in calling it "one of the most effec-

tive and practical testimonies in behalf of the value of our railroad associations that has ever been issued." The great railroads of the country are among the most appreciative backers the Y.M.C.A. has. They know by experience and contrast the great value of the association's efforts to provide comfortable and attractive club-houses, where the railroad employés can spend their leisure hours between trips and when away from home, instead of loafing in saloons. They are liberal subscribers to this branch of the Y.M.C.A. work, and are very proud of its remarkable success.

In the WEEKLY for December 8th an account was given of the Cossack drill introduced by Captain E. H. Garlington in the cavalry school at Fort Riley, and executed in great perfection by troopers of Troop I of the Seventh Cavalry. Captain Garlington was lately promoted, and Captain Nolan, who succeeded him, has had a painful experience of the thoroughness of his predecessor's instruction. As he sat on his horse in the riding-hall the other day, supervising the drill of his troop by his lieutenant, the lieutenant gave the order for the horses to lie down. Down they went, Captain Nolan's horse among the others, to the captain's entire surprise, and with the result to that staid officer of a bad fall, a broken rib, and a good many bruises. He is laid up, and when he gets on a horse again it will doubtless be one that has not enjoyed the educational advantages of Captain Garlington's system.

Is there any person in New York whose duties and occupations will compare in multifariousness with those of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan? Evidence of the exceptional scope of Mr. Morgan's usefulness keeps constantly transpiring. Two months ago or less he was saving the credit of the country by arranging a gold loan for Uncle Sam; a fortnight since he was published as treasurer of the American fund for buying Thomas Carlyle's late London house; his very latest public appearance is as head man on the Advisory Committee of the National Cat Show, to be held in the Madison Square Garden the first week in May. Mr. Depew can do a good many kinds of things pretty well, and Mr. Joseph Choate's friends can point to him with justifiable pride as one of the very handiest men in New York, yet it may be doubted whether either of these distinguished and accomplished gentlemen is quite the peer of Mr. Morgan as a facilitator of the march of events.

The London correspondent of the *Sun* finds that as a result of the recent difficulty between Mr. Oscar Wilde and the Marquis of Queensberry one of two things must happen. "Either," he says, "Mr. Wilde will be irretrievably ruined and banished from society, or the marquis will be put under guardianship as an irresponsible person." It seems almost a pity that the possibility of resulting good from this disagreeable row should be thus limited. If Mr. Wilde could be abated without injustice or cruelty, and the marquis permanently suppressed, London society might be enough the sweeter in the end to make up to the public for the temporary inconvenience of holding its nose.

The action of General Di Cesnola in putting Professor William R. Ware (of Columbia College) off the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art gives little promise of promoting the general's comfort in his office of director and secretary of the museum. It appears that Professor Ware voted against the continuance of General Di Cesnola as director of the museum, and that it was after the meeting at which his vote was cast that the general discovered that the professor was not qualified to act as trustee. General Di Cesnola's grasp on the museum at the present time would hardly seem to be secure enough to warrant him in taking arbitrary measures with trustees.

Six hundred persons attended this year's session of the Tuskegee Negro Conference, held annually at Tuskegee, Alabama. The reports of these conferences are among the most encouraging evidences of the progress of the Southern negro. The talk of the negroes who attended the conference this year was full of sense, hopefulness, and determination to improve and prosper. While there is so strong an impression that there is no future for the negro in this country, these conferences do indirectly a most valuable work in affording a basis for a contrary conviction.

The Business Men's Relief Committee of the Industrial Christian Alliance calls energetically for funds to maintain and to extend its People's Five-Cent Restaurant and Grocery Work. The committee runs eight restaurants and groceries, where the necessaries of life in the way of food and fuel can be bought in small parcels for five cents a parcel. It issues five-cent tickets, which can be bought personally or by letter at 170 Bleecker Street. Donald Mackay is president of the committee; W. L. Strong, J. P. Morgan, Whitelaw Reid, Roswell P. Flower, and E. L. Godkin are the vice-presidents. Mr. John P. Townsend is treasurer. Send the money to him at 66 Broadway.

The fact that Dr. Holmes's library was modestly appraised at $804 50 illustrates once more the large disparity between the money value of books and their real value to their owner. Dr. Holmes's collection must have included a large proportion of authors' copies, which have a sentimental value which the appraisers of his estate would not feel bound to recognize. However that is, he had books enough all through his life; good old books, well seasoned, and good new books while they were still new. That the value of his accumulations was put so low should encourage us all to buy every good book that we wish to read. If a thousand dollars' worth of books will keep an intelligent man in reading for half a century, we need not hesitate to form the book-buying habit from any fear of its excessive cost.

It is always interesting to the philosopher to observe and compare the different methods employed in the pursuit of happiness by persons exceptionally well qualified for its attainment. Three such persons died early in this month. Each of them was a man of ability and of note. Each of them seems to have had all the fun he could, but they went at it by very different methods. The oldest was Professor Blackie, born in 1809, the son of a Scotch banker, educated in foreign parts, and called to the bar, but in vain. In 1842 he became Professor of Latin in Aberdeen. In 1851 he became Professor of Greek at Edinburgh. He lived at Edinburgh fifty-two years—great teacher, great scholar, great gun. All that time he seems to have been full of life, physical, moral, intellectual, and he died, it appears, energetically, and in remarkably good health.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, who died the same day in London, was a year younger than Blackie. He also was a man of energy, and excelled as a scholar, a traveller, a soldier, a sportsman, and an athlete. He entered the Bombay army in 1827, and the next thirty years he spent in the East, governing, fighting, negotiating, digging up what was hid, and deciphering what was found but not understood. He had an inquiring mind, and a body that was fit to sustain it, and he worked both hard.

The third notable was Ismail Pasha, born in 1830, Khedive of Egypt from 1863 to 1879. Ismail was a sybarite, and his notion of having fun was to buy it. While he was gutting Egypt he had enormous revenues, and he spent them faithfully. After his abdication he was still rich, and still alive to such means of personal gratification as the markets afforded; yet it cannot be admitted that his career was enviable, or that his success in that great quest which has such interest for all the sons of men was at all comparable to that of the English archæologist or the Scotch professor. E. S. MARTIN.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ILL-TEMPERED BABIES
are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvelious for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris; PARK & TILFORD, New York. Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ALL lovers of delicacies use Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to secure good digestion.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE REASONS WHY

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites is so useful in all wasting diseases, such as Consumption, Anæmia, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, and Marasmus and Rickets in children, is because it furnishes to the depleted blood the fattening and enriching properties of the oil, and to the bones and nervous system the phosphorescent and vitalizing properties of the Hypophosphites, which together nourish the body arrest the progress of the disease, and commence a process of repair that finally means restored health and vigor.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

Pears'

Pears' soap takes care of the skin, and the skin takes care of the rest of us.

There are plenty of other soaps, but none without alkali.

"Every time I went out last summer with my 'Toile du Nord' dress on, somebody said, 'What a pretty dress,' so I have decided to have all my wash gowns for this season made of 'Toile du Nord.'"

Whenever you hear one of the Parkhill fabrics mentioned it is always with words of praise. It will pay you to look at these fabrics before making up your summer dresses. They include

"Toile du Nord," Parkhill (27 inch) **Zephyrs, Parkhill Crepon Cloth,** and the very sheer and fine 32 inch **Clitheroe Zephyrs.**

Samples will be sent you free if you write the

Parkhill Mfg. Co., Fitchburg, Mass.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against all disorders of the Stomach, and an appetizer.

Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY PRESIDENT.

STATEMENT
For the year ending December 31 1894.

Income

Received for Premiums	$36,123,163 82
From all other sources	11,897,706 12
	$48,020,869 94

Disbursements

To Policy-holders:	
For Claims by Death	$11,929,794 94
" Endowments, Dividends &c.	9,159,462 14
For all other accounts	9,789,634 18
	$30,878,891 26

Assets

United States Bonds and other Securities	$83,970,690 67
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	71,339,415 92
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	11,366,100 00
Real Estate	21,691,733 39
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	9,655,198 91
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums &c.	6,615,645 07
	$204,638,783 96
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities, Company's Standard, American 4 per cent.	182,109,456 14
Surplus	$22,529,327 82
Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed	$750,290,677 97
Insurance and Annuities in force December 31 1894	855,207,778 42
Increase in Total Income	$6,067,724 26
Increase in Premium Income	2,528,825 84
Increase in Assets	17,931,103 82
Increase in Surplus	4,576,718 91
Increase of Insurance and Annuities in Force	51,923,039 96

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct
CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD 2d Vice-President
FREDERIC CROMWELL Treasurer
EMORY McCLINTOCK LL.D. F.I.A. Actuary

Fit And Misfit

The corset that fits costs no more than the corset that doesn't. Dr. Warner's Coraline Corsets are fitted to living models.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

In the Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Gravel, Bright's Disease, &c.
A Powerful Nervous Tonic.

Hunter McGuire, M.D., LL.D., *President and Professor of clinical Surgery University College of Medicine, Richmond, Virginia.*

"BUFFALO LITHIA WATER Spring No. 2, as an alkaline diuretic, is invaluable. In **uric acid gravel, and indeed, in diseases generally dependent upon a uric acid diathesis it is a remedy of extraordinary potency.** I have prescribed it in cases of **Rheumatic Gout,** which had resisted the ordinary remedies, with wonderfully good results. I have used it also in my own case, being a great sufferer from this malady, **and have derived more benefit from it than from any other remedy.** It has very marked adaptation to diseases of the **digestive organs.** In that condition especially known as **Nervous Dyspepsia, frequently caused by over-mental labor, and in those cases also where there is excess of acid, in the process of nutrition, it will be found highly efficacious.** "I am fully satisfied of its value in the treatment of the diseases peculiar to women. In this class of diseases it is unquestionably deserving of very high commendation. **It has never failed me as a powerful nervous tonic when I have prescribed it as such,** producing a decided calming effect in men and women whose broken down nervous systems had kept them in perpetual motion, who could not sleep, and who could not rest. "I sometimes think it must contain Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It acts as that compound does—as a tonic and alterative."

Dr. Cyrus Edson, *Health Officer of New York City.*

"I have frequently made use of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER Spring No. 2, in my practice, with excellent results. **It is a potent remedy in correcting Rheumatic Diathesis.** In a case of **uric acid gravel,** in which I recently prescribed it, its beneficial effects were apparent after the third dose. I have also prescribed it **with great benefit in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys."**

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles $5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

AMATEVR SPORT

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND PROSPECTS.

BY STERLING ELLIOTT.

THAT "it is not in mortals to command success" is most fortunate for public safety.

Deserved success means progress, and is not hastily won. Public confidence (*i.e.*, the sort which makes permanent success possible) is grudgingly granted to new and untried schemes.

Some one has noticed that the bells are never rung at the birth of a great man, and this inevitable fact applies also to the birth of a great organization.

It is but a few years since the rider of a bicycle was looked upon very much as we look upon the boy who is straddling around on a pair of stilts.

The wheel was thought to have no practical value, and while boys were expected to use it because they *were* boys, just as they were expected to play hockey or marbles, its lofty perch was thought to be no place for a full-sized man. Men who liked to be conspicuous investigated the bicycle, adopted it, and were happy.

Others, believing in its value as a health-giver, endured the ridicule of their friends and the contempt of strangers for the sake of the physical pleasure afforded by the "silent steed."

But the would-be bicycle-rider found not only that other people didn't want to ride this new-fangled "jigger," but that they seriously objected to seeing *him* do it. If he rode on the sidewalk he was liable to injure, or at least frighten, pedestrians, and if he used the road, assuming that he might find a road good enough, he would frighten horses, run over people at the crossings, and soon establish himself as a new source of danger to everybody.

It soon became apparent that the already long list of human classes and sub-classes was to be again divided into two factions, viz., those who rode bicycles and those who did not. The bicycle-rider had no idea of giving up his newly acquired accomplishment, and yet he realized the insignificant number of people who would be on his side should his assumed right be contested.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and naturally the cycler looked for sympathy to others who, like himself, loved the new-found enjoyment, and disliked to be cut off from its benefits.

This fraternal feeling, which grows spontaneously in the human heart, soon crystallized into an organization of bicycle-riders to be known as the League of American Wheelmen, which was formally born at Newport, Rhode Island, on May 31, 1880.

Its original object, as specified at the time, was "to promote the general interests of bicycling, to ascertain, defend, and protect the rights of wheelmen, and to encourage and facilitate touring." It was soon discovered that nothing would so "encourage and facilitate touring" or "promote the general interests of bicycling" as would improved roads.

Two points were necessary for the wheelmen to establish. First, *may* I ride a bicycle in the public streets? and the second, *can* I ride it?

Old men are too apt to forget that they ever had any youthful tendencies, and judges are, as a rule, old men; so when the bicycle-rider of those early days was arrested and charged with having ridden his wheel along some part of the earth's surface, his chances of finding a friend on the judge's bench were not particularly good.

Fortunately for the wheelman most of the facts were on his side, but he lacked one very important aid—he did not have the sympathy of the public, and I regret to say that there were at that time (and we still have them) riders who do not sufficiently regard the rights and convenience of other users of the road. Some of these are members of the L. A. W., but most of them are not.

Many suits were brought to determine the justice of the wheelman's claim to a share in the highways. All such cases were finally decided in a way to place the bicycle on a par with other vehicles, even in spite of the fact that many things happened tending to prejudice the courts in an opposite direction.

One case was on trial, and at about the point where the judge had begun to make up his mind in favor of the wheelman the court adjourned for lunch, and as the judge started out on the street to go to his home he was run into and knocked down by a bicycle which was being ridden on the sidewalk. Just what effect this incident had on the judge's decision it is not necessary to state, but the reader may readily surmise.

A prominent State Governor was also run over by a bicycle while a bill was pending which he was expected to sign, and which involved points of special interest to wheelmen, but—

"Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore."

And so, in spite of prejudice, scared horses, and careless wheelmen, it came to pass that the bicycle was declared a *vehicle* with rights common to other vehicles.

But *having* rights and being able to *use* them to the best advantage are two different things, and the wheelman had already discovered that his tall wheel with its small and comparatively hard tire, was very much handicapped by the condition of the surfaces over which he was obliged to travel.

As the question of the wheelman's *right* to use the highways was in a fair way to be settled favorably, it was natural that he should next turn his attention to the more perplexing problem, viz., the fixing of the public ways so as to make them ridable for his self-propelled and now legally recognized vehicle.

This looked at first like a very difficult job, for, although the average citizen would always concede that good roads were more desirable than poor ones, it was not so easy to make him see just how poor a poor road was, or to get him to appreciate the extent to which a good road might benefit him.

We are all supposed to be philanthropists, and yet the safest way to get *any* man to do *any* thing is to make it to his personal interest, and the wheelmen soon found that the men upon whom must fall the burden of actual road improvement were not at all inclined to do anything in that line simply to benefit wheel-riders. In fact, there has been a well-defined, and in some cases outspoken, objection on the part of farmers to *any* systematic plan of road improvement, and the reason, too often frankly given, has been that they did not want to encourage the bicycle-rider to "infest" their neighborhood.

On discovering, as all must do eventually, that the wheelman gets but little of the aggregate benefit as a *wheelman*, but is much more helped as a *citizen* in common with all others, and that the farmer is benefited most of all, the objectors have nearly ceased objecting, though we still hear occasionally of the existence of an anti-good-roads association located in some obscure place.

In my editorial capacity I have often tried to get something definite from these unconscious enemies of our country, but so far have failed to obtain from them anything for publication. I infer that although there be men who are opposed to road improvement, and at times they seem to be very much in earnest, yet they are not willing to come out boldly as a man does who is thoroughly conscious of being on the right side.

The League of American Wheelmen went to work in earnest, and has persistently followed up its original plan of forcing, in every legitimate way, the improvement of roads.

Its original object was to get roads over which bicycles could be ridden with comfort. A selfish object? Perhaps; but what else prompts people to want to go to heaven?

The "good roads" movement which was started by the wheelmen is winning not alone because it would benefit the cycle-rider, and because in his organized capacity he has worked for it—much would have been accomplished by this time even though road improvement was for wheelmen only—but the great road-improvement boom which is on at the present time, and which is felt so strongly in all parts of our country, this great uprising for better going which prompts hundreds of newspapers to give valuable space to the subject almost constantly, was not and could not have been developed to its present proportions by wheelmen alone, nor by any class or political party.

It is gaining headway *because it deserves to*, and it is being pushed along by everybody simply because everybody believes it is right, proper, and profitable.

The League of American Wheelmen is fast getting to be a political party whose demands are equal rights and road improvement, and whose platform is made of broken rock and gravel.

(*Continued on page 286.*)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Charles Gounod
the well-known Composer,
wrote of
VIN MARIANI
THE IDEAL TONIC:
"Honor to 'Vin Mariani,' that admirable Tonic-Wine, which so often restored my strength."
Mailed Free.
Descriptive Book with Testimony and
Portraits
OF NOTED CELEBRITIES.
Beneficial and Agreeable.
Every Test Proves Reputation.
Avoid Substitutions. Ask for 'Vin Mariani.'
At Druggists and Fancy Grocers.
MARIANI & CO.,
PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. 52 W. 15th St., New York.
LONDON: 239 Oxford Street.

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TRADE No. 4711 MARK
GLYCERINE-SOAP
Absolutely pure. Unequaled for all persons with a delicate and tender skin.
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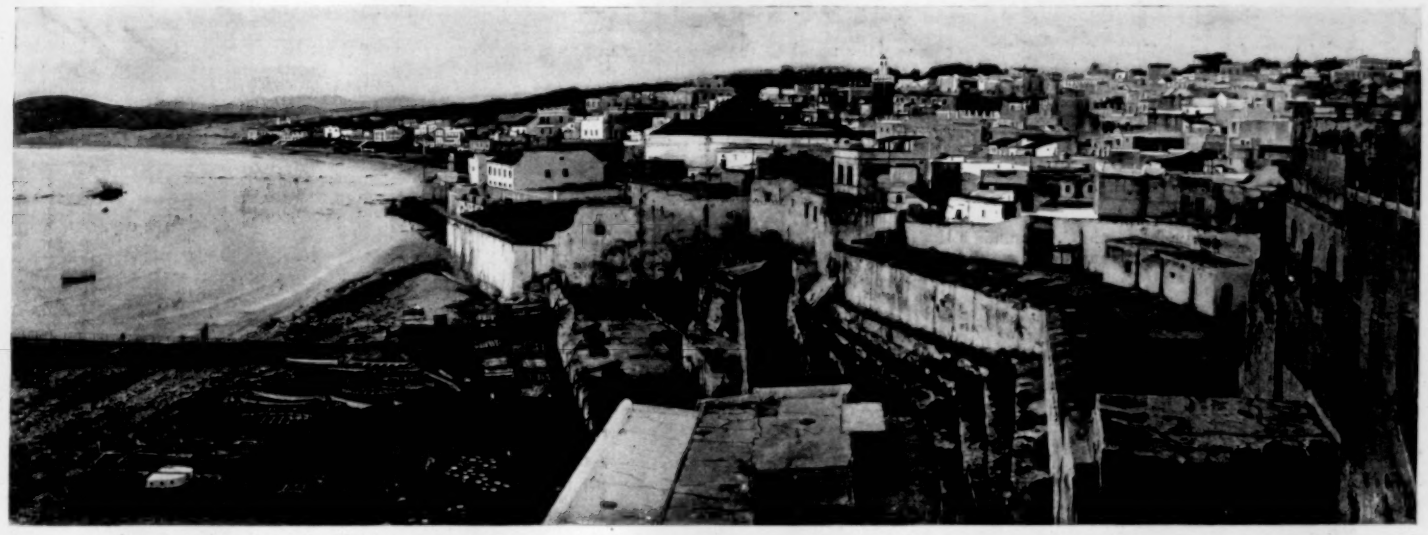
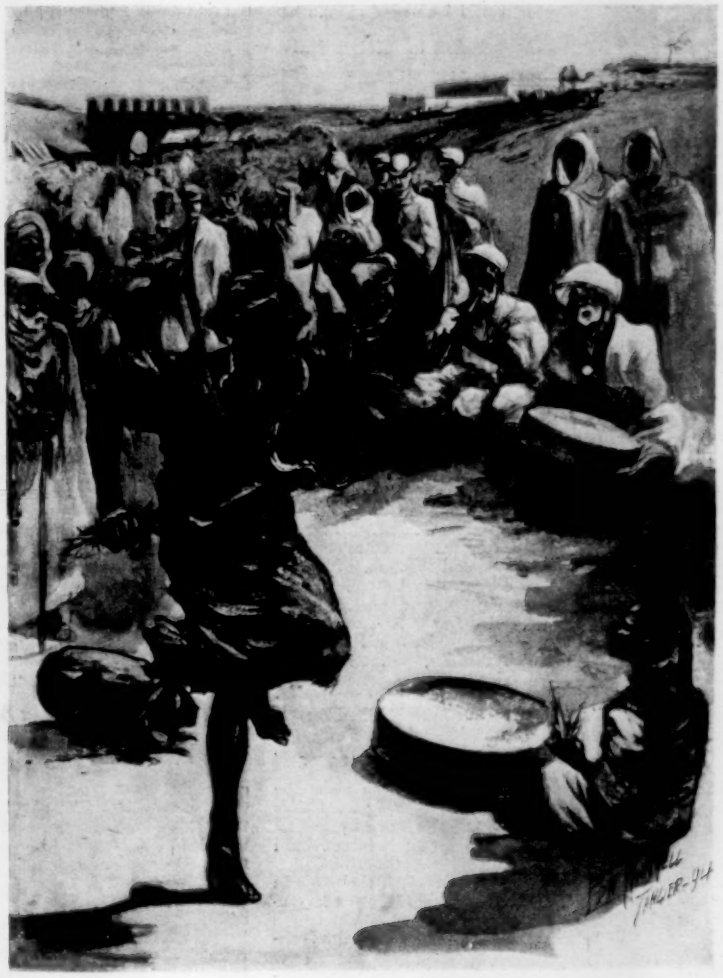
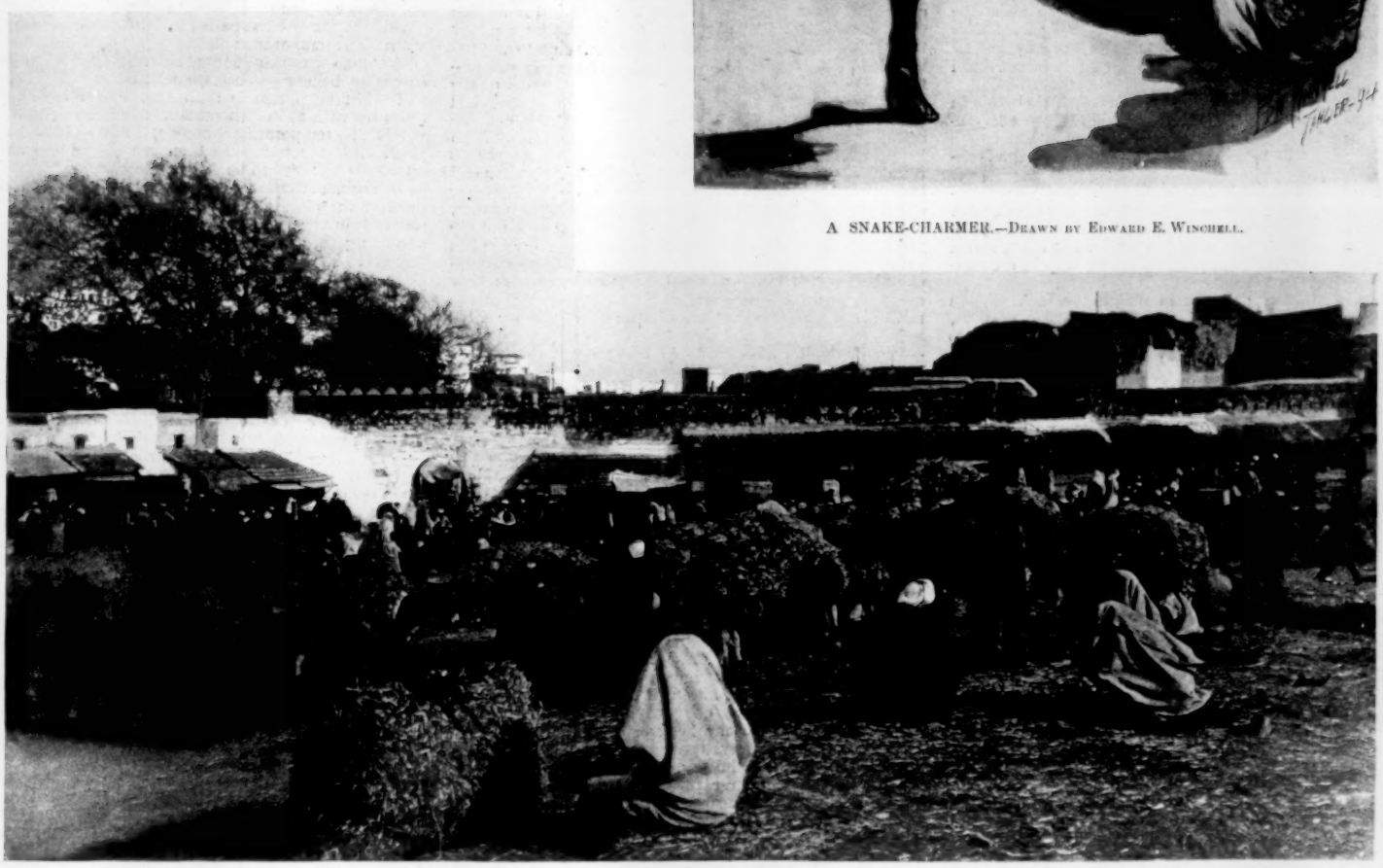


VIEW OF TANGIER FROM THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, SHOWING THE OLD MOORISH HARBOR DEFENCES OF THE CITY.

A DOORWAY IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.



A SNAKE-CHARMER.—Drawn by Edward E. Winchell.



THE PUBLIC MARKET, OR "SOK," OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF TANGIER.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN TANGIER, MOROCCO.—Photographs by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 278.]

(*Continued from page 284.*)

As compared with other parties it is unique, inasmuch as it has practically no opposition. Men may have reasons for not joining it, but no good reason appears for opposing it.

Being composed of people of the usual sort, it partakes, as all organizations must, of the nature of its members. It is "of the earth earthy," and this condition does not come from its association with roads, but rather from the fact that

"To err is human."

But as some of the greatest political parties have made mistakes, it cannot be expected that an organization composed chiefly of young men should be entirely free from error.

By far the most extensive party now in existence is the good-roads party, including, as it does, many of the more thoughtful men of all parties. The free-trader, protectionist, socialist, populist, greenbacker, or prohibitionist may, without detriment to his other beliefs, be an ardent supporter of the "good roads" movement.

In its organized form the good-roads party must continue to be known as the League of American Wheelmen, with the *Good Roads Magazine* as the official organ.

Under the present constitution an applicant for membership must be a "wheelman." An attempt has been made to so amend it as to admit persons who are not wheelmen. I believe such an amendment would be in the line of greater influence and more effective work, as there are many substantial men who are not wheelmen, and are not likely to be, who are much interested in the cause of road improvement, and who would be glad to stand up and be counted among the active members of an organization which represents advancement in this particular line.

I believe that one of the most important, possibly the *most* important, reform to which the L. A. W. can lend its aid is the abolition of the narrow tire on heavy wagons, and this can only be done by educating the users of such vehicles through wholesome and conservative laws. The farmer who has once used broad-rimmed wheels on his farm will want no other, and when a number of his neighbors can be induced to use "flat-footed" wagons between the farm and the "town," the only law needed after that would be the law of self-interest, which every man obeys as fast as he finds out what it is. I am opposed to any law which makes the wide tire compulsory, except after a considerable period of time—say, five years. But I believe the matter can be taken care of, without unnecessary friction or hardship to anybody, by a readjustment of the tax on wagons.

It has been demonstrated that a very materially reduced sum will keep in repair roads which are not abused by the narrow tires. In view of this, I believe that any State could well afford to exempt from taxation all wagons having tires above a certain width, said width to be determined by the maximum load carried. This would encourage wagon-owners to have wider tires substituted for the narrow ones now used, with the pleasant result that they themselves would gain in two ways, and with no apparent loss. The State could keep the roads in even better repair without the wagon tax, and every user of a vehicle, of whatever kind, would be greatly benefited.

The L. A. W. has had this good work in mind, and has made many moves in the right direction. The vehicle-builders have come out strongly in favor of wide tires and varying tracks. At the last meeting of the Carriage-builders' National Association it was

"*Resolved*, That as carriage-builders we are vitally interested in the subject of good roads in the United States, and do hereby extend to the National League of Good Roads and the League of American Wheelmen the assurance of our hearty co-operation.

"*Resolved*, That as an association we urge upon the different States the passage of laws requiring wide tires on all heavy-traffic vehicles, the width of tire to depend upon the weight of vehicle and usual load, and due regard being paid to the nature of the soil.

"*Resolved*, That as fast as the condition of the roads in this country will permit we recommend the use of vehicles of varying tracks, and feel that we will then create vehicles that will be road-makers instead of road-destroyers."

The Committee on Roads appointed by the carriage-makers is a large one, consisting of forty-seven members, who reside in twenty-four States. They are men of affairs, who stand high in their respective localities, and I feel certain that they will prove a strong help in the matter of road legislation.

The most important work in which the L. A. W. can engage at present is to follow up the question of tires, and have passed as soon as practicable laws and ordinances encouraging in a tangible way the use of broad-faced wheels.

The opposition to such laws comes wholly from the wagon-owner, and while he knows what a benefit the change would be, he very naturally objects to the first cost of making it. All such objections may be silenced in advance by the proper wording of the proposed laws, and when, after a few years, the "flat-footed" wagon prevails, as it must, we shall not only have better roads, but we can maintain them for seventy-five, and in many cases forty, per cent. of the present cost.

A DEFENCE OF THE TWO-CLASS SYSTEM IN BICYCLE-RACING.

BY GEORGE D. GIDEON.

At the close of '93 the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen was confronted with a remarkable, almost incredible, condition of affairs in the branch of the sport over which it has jurisdiction. Practically all efforts to rid the sport of the secretly paid "amateur" had failed signally in everything except the demonstration of the utter lack of value in an affidavit. Any crack rider could, upon demand, produce unlimited, strange, and mighty oaths from himself, his parents, his club officials, the manufacturer whose wheel he rode, that he never—no, never—did, could, would, had, or might receive one penny from any person or persons, directly or indirectly, as a result of his riding! Nor was he influenced in any way by any person as to his mount! Meantime no one of average intelligence who followed the circuit could possibly doubt that he was receiving a more or less modest income as the result of the advertising he was giving the wheel he rode in his races. If all the cycle manufacturers and dealers were contented to do business in the old-fashioned, ordinary way this state of things might possibly be cured, and a strictly amateur rule enforced for every one; but just so long as the trade finds it profitable to keep on advertising their wheels by dint of wins upon the race-track, just so long shall we have a "paid amateur" class of racing men, kept in the amateur ranks by what in any other business would be considered questionable methods. This was the state of things that called for the establishment of the two-class rule early in '94, and so well recognized had this absolutely valueless nature of racing men's affidavits become that a "suspicion clause" was inserted in the racing rules, by which suspicious circumstances, if sufficiently good evidence in the minds of a majority of the Racing Board, should transfer a Class A man to Class B, or a B man to the professional ranks, irrespective of any quantity of sworn statements from the man and his supposed employer. A term upon the Racing Board of the L. A. W. is a liberal education in human perfidy.

This two-class rule has unquestionably been the best development of the racing season of '94. By it the strictly pure, yard-wide, dyed-in-the-wool, A1 amateur, who is not too awfully speedy, who has other business to attend to, who races for the fun of the thing principally—and the fifty-dollar diamonds incidentally—is given something of a chance. That he goes, in the event of two or more race-meets being scheduled in his district on one day, to the meet in which the said diamonds are the handsomest is perhaps no more than natural. That he pays his own expenses, to the last penny, that he has no trainer permanently employed, and consequently does what training he may in a rather crude fashion, and that he gets very little but pleasure from his racing are facts necessary to his retention of standing in Class A. But the Class A man, with the exception of perhaps an undiscovered petty thief or two masquerading temporarily in the class, is really an amateur, and has a fair chance to win his prizes from other riders of nearly equal calibre, laboring under similar speed disadvantages. The masqueraders in the class are few and not for long; they have been rapidly weeded out by the "suspicion clause" in the rules—although in no case has injustice been done—and if the proposed changes in the rules for '95 are carried through, even the remaining few will go; and the old "Germantown idea," that sooner or later it would become necessary to throw out of the rigidly amateur class any racing man who is connected in any business way with a cycle-dealing firm, will be approximated very closely. This idea originated with Joseph Pennell, and the experience of the past year goes far to endorse the shrewdness of that artist-author. It is manifestly impracticable for a racing man employed in the cycle trade to avoid the acceptance of favors of importance to his success on the path due to his ability as a racer, and his thereby increased value to his employer.

In Class A the slower men, the younger men, the students, the business men, who must train, if at all, after hours, the men who race for the glory of a win or the bare fascination of a race, have this year had a fair chance, and the prizes have been more evenly and fairly distributed than ever before. As it was for just such men as these that the class was established, there can be no doubt that the class was a success. It is somewhat remarkable that the collegians, from whom one should naturally expect the truest amateur spirit, have been the most strenuous objectors to Class A rules, from the fact that they do not allow of any expense money on any pretext whatever, and the college societies have heretofore paid the expenses of their riders to distant meets.

Class B, on the other hand, is destined apparently to become the great popular class of the near future. The Class B man, if sufficiently speedy to command a salary from the manufacturer whose wheel he rides, to say nothing of presents made him for an exceptionally satisfactory win or a broken record, lives on just as much of the fat of the land as suits his digestion. He doesn't toil overmuch, if he has the proper kind of a sprint, and the spinning he does is but for practice. Diamonds flash from his tie, his linen, his badge, and from as many fingers as his taste will limit them to. His rest at night is unbroken and long—if the poker hand is not too fascinating. A porter carries his luggage, and a careful trainer sees to his diet, and that his exercise is just right to keep his speed at the top notch. His fourteen-pound racing wheels are kept in perfect order, and the tires pumped to the exact consistency best suited to the particular track upon which they are to be used. His manager makes engagements with the meet-promoters, sees that the prizes advertised are of the value therein stated, and that the track is in perfect order—"or he don't ride—see?". And when you think of it, he really deserves about all he gets. His skill and his strength bring the record down and down again, until to-day it at least equals the best performance of the running horse. His demands and his experience have brought the bicycle of to-day to the high standard demanded of it. He attracts the big crowds of the non-riding public who attend the meets to see fast time made, and who go away interested and become cyclists. He much prefers to be called a "paid amateur," or a "Class B man," but that he is a professional athlete, as professionalism is ordinarily interpreted, is practically the case, although professionalism or amateurism in any one is merely a question of degree. The old Germantown Club would have made a man who manufactured running shoes a professional runner, while gun clubs and yacht clubs think nothing of offering cash prizes for competitions between their "amateur" members. The L. A. W., in common with such clubs and with many foreign organizations, has claimed the right to force a definition of the word amateur: the Class A amateur receives no money, for whatever purpose, from any one, club or firm, interested in the sport. The collegiate athlete, generally accepted as an amateur, has his travelling and training expenses paid by his college society—a degree nearer professionalism. The Class B cyclist is but a step nearer, in that he receives a salary from a cycle firm for advertising and selling wheels by means of his speed ability, and has his expenses paid by the firm. He does not ride for a cash or divisible prize, and is *obliged* to ride, when he does ride, *to win;* therein is the real difference and the secret of the success of the class. What the race-going public want to see is racing at high speed wherein the best man wins, and just so soon as one of these B men ceases to win he loses his advertising value to his employer. There is no disgrace in honest, open, fair professionalism—far from it—but the crooked riding and double-cross deals of the old school have made a rose by another name so much more palatable that a rider who has now no hesitancy in admitting that he rides in B because he is paid a salary for riding grows wondrous indignant if called a professional.

Both pure amateurism and an alleged new style of out-and-out professionalism were tried in England last year, through the N. C. U. and its licensing plan, but in neither case was the result even moderately satisfactory. The racing men there will not ride under the licensing plan, and are thoroughly disgusted with the recent action of the Union in refusing by a vote of 25 to 23 to adopt the L. A. W. two-class system, which has been quite as successful as anticipated. We of the L. A. W. feel that we have had the courage of our convictions, and that by openly taking charge of and regulating makers' amateurism, we have legitimatized a phase of cycling that no amount of amateur legislation could have removed. Our Class B men—call them professionals, promateurs, amateurs, or what you will—have certainly this year established the capabilities of the bicycle, and incidentally American supremacy at all distances shorter than the twelve-hour ride. Records have fallen so rapidly and so frequently that the limit to man's speed upon the wheel seems as far ahead as ever. This high-speed attainment has been possible only by the expenditure of considerable sums of money—sums that the amateur true and proper could not possibly spend, and which no professional would spend for the mere reduction of a record so that we have the two-class system to thank for the speed development of the year. We have this year openly and honestly had what has heretofore been a dishonest and underhand practice, and which legislation has been unable to suppress. And, after all, what difference is there between the two-class plan as now adopted and the "liberal amateur rule" so strongly advocated by a few? Surely the doors of liberality are sufficiently wide open to the Class B man! And just as surely the strict regulation of Class A has limited it to the object for which it was created—to give novices and true amateurs a fair amount of racing in which they have a chance to win. If the two classes have not been a success, why is it that America, in spite of universal hard times, has just wound up the most successful season ever known to the trade, while the English papers are as universally doleful over the poor season they have had as only an Englishman with the blues knows how to be.

During 1894 very nearly two thousand race meets were sanctioned by the L. A. W. and run under our rules. Practically all records have fallen—the mile to 1 min. 47⅘ sec., and two miles in 3 min. 54⅘ sec., on a circular track, being far below trotting time, while on a straightaway course (of which no official cognizance is taken by the League) the mile figures have dropped to 1 min. 34⅕ sec., which is faster than the best time of the running horse under similar conditions. The National Circuit of race meets has extended from Boston to Denver. Even those most opposed to the present system say that it worked well last year. One of the most widely known journals devoted to the sport of cycling said, editorially, when asked if the two-class experiment was a success, "The most brilliant racing season the world has ever known gives emphatic answer in the affirmative."

A UNIQUE AMBULANCE SERVICE.

The establishment of an "ambulance street car" service in St. Louis is the putting into effect of an idea long contended for by the health commissioner of that city, Dr. George Homan. Efforts to secure legislation having failed, Dr. Homan succeeded in interesting the officials of a street-car company, who have built an ambulance car after a plan made by the doctor. This vehicle in itself is only a modified street car, especially constructed for easy and relatively noiseless running along trolley lines, and fitted up with such apparatus as might be needed by invalids who temporarily occupy it while *en route* to a hospital. But the plan on which the ambulance car is to operate is believed to be altogether unique. It will pass over regular routes, including, presumably, all trolley lines of the city, for the exclusive purpose of conveying sick or injured persons to and from hospitals. As it runs according to schedule, patients may be in readiness at any given locality at the time when the car is due there. It is expected that hospitals not on a trolley line will build terminals connecting them with the nearest railway, that patients may be brought by the ambulance car to their very doors.

The advantages of such a system as this are manifest. It cannot, of course, altogether take the place of the ordinary emergency ambulance service, as the victims of accidents cannot always wait for cars running on schedule, but the transfer of cases of less urgency, which make up a large proportion of hospital patients, may apparently be effected by the ambulance car more efficiently, safely, and comfortably than by the usual method.

On the other hand, the system has, theoretically, at any rate, certain drawbacks, notably perhaps the likelihood of interference with general traffic in case the ambulance car is delayed in the transfer of feeble patients. This particular difficulty might be met, however, by the establishment of short side-tracks, and no doubt other difficulties that suggest themselves will prove also remediable. All in all it seems more than likely that the system will justify itself in practice, in which case it will doubtless be adopted by some other cities in the near future. Brooklyn, which is honeycombed with trolley lines, would seem to be a peculiarly favorable place for the operation of such an ambulance system. New York, being almost without trolleys, could not operate the particular system in vogue in St. Louis, but there would seem to be no reason why modified forms of ambulance cars might not be run on ordinary street-car lines and on our cable lines. Nearly all our hospitals could be easily reached by one or the other of these systems.

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